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PRINCE BISMARCK.

THE same Correspondent of the *Times* through whom Prince BISMARCK communicated a part of his intentions to his colleagues in the Congress has lately discussed the character and position of the famous Minister with a well-known leader of the German Parliamentary Opposition. Professor VIRCHOW is an anatomist and physiologist as well as a Liberal politician, and he appears to judge of the characters of nations by the shape of their heads. He showed his visitor three skulls of murdered Albanians, which proved that the race to which their owners belonged was the most capable in South-Eastern Europe. It is to be wished that he could extend his observations to the skulls of the Albanian ruffians who have since murdered MEHEMET ALI. Their hands scarcely fulfil the promise of their heads. Count ANDRASSY and his Magyar countrymen will learn with regret that their craniological peculiarities fail to command Professor VIRCHOW'S approval. Of Prince BISMARCK, who has fortunately not yet been subjected to a *post mortem* examination, Professor VIRCHOW judges by his public acts rather than by the conformation of his bones. Whatever may be the shape of the PRINCE'S skull, it is certainly not incompatible with the possession and exercise of a powerful intellect. His critic concurs with the great majority of Prussians and of patriotic Germans in admiring Prince BISMARCK'S ability and conduct in diplomacy; but he expresses a general and growing opinion that the PRINCE treats the Germans, whose power he maintains and exalts abroad, too contumeliously at home. A powerful and highly cultivated nation thinks that it ought to be allowed a voice in the management of its own domestic affairs. Of relations with foreign Powers the PRINCE has for many years been allowed, as far as Parliaments are concerned, the exclusive control. It is believed that he has not always been equally independent of the feelings and fancies of the Court. The EMPEROR, who before his accession to the throne of Prussia was a principal opponent of Russian influence, has in his later years cultivated the romantic deference and attachment which some other Princes of his house have felt for the Imperial family of Russia. The aid which was given to Prussia during the French war by Russian demonstrations directed against Austria is rewarded by a gratitude which would have been excessive even if the motives of the Emperor ALEXANDER had been wholly disinterested. It is not known whether Prince BISMARCK sympathizes with sentiments which he is compelled to respect. He has never concealed the slight regard which he entertains for the constitutional system of Prussia. For the express purpose of weakening the Liberal party he founded the representative system of the Empire on universal suffrage; but he now perhaps begins to doubt whether constituencies are powerless and harmless in proportion to their want of political aptitude.

The Germans can afford to wait for the Parliamentary supremacy which has hitherto existed only in name. Prince BISMARCK will not retain office for ever; and it is improbable that any successor will inherit his predominance. It remains to be seen whether the newly elected Parliament will be as manageable as the Assembly which lately incurred a penal dissolution. The political murders which have been committed in Russia may perhaps increase the alarm and indignation which were provoked by the

crimes of HÖDEL and NOBILING. The majority of the German Parliament will incline to rigorous measures against the Socialists; but the Liberal party cannot but object to laws which increase the power of the Executive Government over political movements. Prince BISMARCK has perhaps discovered that he has committed at least two grave mistakes. He long tolerated or encouraged the Socialists, because their agitation was obnoxious to the Liberal portion of the middle classes; but the alliance between despotism and anarchy becomes dangerous when the discontented multitude is organized and powerful. In the late election, notwithstanding the horror which was caused by the attempts on the life of the EMPEROR, the Socialists, though they lost several of their members, voted in much larger numbers than on any former occasion. They have probably no relations with the Nihilists of Russia, but revolutionary agitation always tends to spread. At present Socialism is more formidable in Germany than in France; and Prince BISMARCK is thoroughly in earnest when he proposes laws for the possible repression of the movement. At the same time the uncertain condition of Parliamentary parties has induced him to open negotiations with the Court of Rome for a settlement which must necessarily include the repeal or modification of laws by which the independent action of the Church has been severely curtailed. The motives which induced Prince BISMARCK to quarrel with the Holy See have never been satisfactorily explained. The dogma of Papal infallibility ought to have been as indifferent to a non-Catholic Government as any other absurd proposition which may from age to age have been added to the Romish creed. The assumption by a weak and vain Pontiff of supernatural attributes in no degree affected the relations between Church and State. Prince BISMARCK seems to have bitterly resented the support which the French clergy had, with the sympathy of their order throughout Europe, given to the French attack on Germany in 1870. It might have been thought that disappointment and defeat were a sufficient punishment of unprincipled folly; yet for several years Prince BISMARCK has vexed the Catholic hierarchy with measures which are not unfairly considered to amount to persecution. In the pursuit of his object he has not shrunk from inflicting heavy and irremediable injury on the Protestant Church, which had given him no provocation. The substitution of civil registration in all cases for documents which could until lately only be obtained from the clergy has destroyed the only link between an almost universally sceptical laity and the representatives of religion. It is remarkable that the small fraction of the Parliament which takes an interest in the Protestant Church is expected to act with the Catholic party. If Prince BISMARCK succeeds in his negotiations with the Nuncio accredited to Munich, he will no longer have occasion to regard the susceptibilities of his former supporters, the National Liberal party.

The report of the interview with Professor VIRCHOW reminds the *Times'* Correspondent of some remarks of Prince BISMARCK'S which he had not previously published. The PRINCE seems to have been greatly irritated by the popular belief in his complicity with the supposed scheme of a German attack on France in 1875. There is no reason to think that his disavowal of a scandalous design had not been believed by serious and well-informed politicians, but it is not improbable that the contradiction of the rumour may have failed to become as public as the

story itself. It had been generally supposed that some of the EMPEROR's military advisers had deliberately proposed to cripple the power of France by a new invasion while the re-organization of the French army was still far from complete. The English Government so far believed the rumour as to protest at Berlin against the accomplishment of a nefarious scheme, but the chief credit of defeating the plot was claimed by Russia. The EMPEROR himself made a journey to Berlin for the express purpose of mediating between the French and German Governments, and Prince GORTCHAKOFF immediately afterwards announced that the danger had been averted by the benevolent interposition of his Sovereign. That the lawless ambition of a body of unscrupulous soldiers had been restrained by the congenial influence of a friendly despot was not intrinsically improbable. Prince BISMARCK's disclaimer of participation in an unworthy enterprise was accepted without hesitation; for, even if full confidence had not been reposed in his personal honour, he might well be acquitted of a crime which would have been almost more foolish than wicked. Prince BISMARCK now explains for the first time, through the *Times'* Correspondent, that the German generals were as innocent as himself of the reported design. The whole story originated, he says, in a conspiracy between Prince GORTCHAKOFF and M. DE GONTAUT-BIRON, the French Ambassador at Berlin. The French diplomatist may perhaps, notwithstanding Prince BISMARCK's suspicions, have been rather a dupe than an accomplice. The invention of a sham project of a German attack on France, to be afterwards baffled by the prompt interference of the Emperor ALEXANDER, is a stroke of policy quite in the Russian manner. The main object was attained in securing the gratitude of France, and perhaps the anti-English policy of the Duke DECAZES may have been one of the results of the conspiracy; yet the story would have been incredible if it had been told on less sufficient authority, because the irritation which is now expressed by Prince BISMARCK must have been foreseen. At that very time Russia was deeply interested in obtaining the connivance of Germany at the meditated invasion of Turkey. The insurrection in Herzegovina was concocted between Russia and Austria in the same year in which the fabulous war with France began and ended; and the Russian troops which in the course of the autumn were concentrated on the frontier of Turkey may probably have received their orders at the moment when Prince GORTCHAKOFF was arranging his comedy, and when the EMPEROR was preparing his visit to Berlin. Prince BISMARCK's comments on the transaction are even more surprising than the facts which he states for the purpose of publication. But for this offence, he tells the Correspondent, Prince GORTCHAKOFF would not have incurred the diplomatic defeat which he was at the time of the interview suffering in the Congress. The opponents of the English Government have regarded the defeat as a Russian triumph; and readers of the published transactions of the Congress have found that Prince BISMARCK uniformly supported Prince GORTCHAKOFF's proposals. It might also have been expected that a statesman of consummate ability and of commanding character would not allow feelings of anger to interfere with his action in matters of paramount importance; but it is idle to speculate on probabilities when conjecture is confuted and superseded by explicit statements.

#### EASTERN AFFAIRS.

NO adverse comments on the Berlin Treaty disturbed the general conviction that the Congress had insured the continuance of peace. Hostile critics indeed contended, not without plausibility, that many elements of disturbance subsisted both in European and Asiatic Turkey. It was said that the warlike tribes in the neighbourhood of Batoum had not only determined to resist the Russian occupation, but had hoisted the English flag in token of immutable resolution. The members of the International Commission who persevered in their inquiries into the condition of the fugitive Mussulman population had discovered cases of gross oppression and cruelty on the part of the Russian troops; and it was thought that the abstention of the representatives of Russia and Germany might serve as pretexts for a fresh quarrel. The desperate struggle of the Mahometan population of Bosnia against

the invading army of Austria seemed still more incompatible with the conclusion of peace; nor indeed can it be doubted that the English Plenipotentiaries who proposed the occupation believed that it would be accomplished without resort to force. To all detailed proofs that the exertions of the Congress had proved abortive, it was a sufficient answer that the Powers would not have made peace if they had intended to go to war. The danger which had for many months been hanging over Europe had been practically removed before the meeting of the Congress. The large concessions on both sides which were embodied in the agreement between Lord SALISBURY and Count SCHOUVALOFF left no question undetermined which was likely to result in war. By that time the alarm which had been caused by the vicinity of the English fleet to the Russian army had been dissipated by experience of the prudence of the commanders on either side. The signature of the treaty finally confirmed and recorded the pacific resolution of Russia, England, and Austria; and it was not to be feared that any one of the Governments would allow itself to be surprised into war.

The only concessions on the part of England which had produced serious dissatisfaction consisted in the acceptance of the Russian pretensions to Bessarabia and Batoum. Mr. GLADSTONE is now perhaps the only politician, at home or abroad, who thinks, or who indirectly suggests, that England ought to have been inflexible in defending the territorial rights of Roumania. Less enthusiastic critics of the negotiation may perhaps reflect not without satisfaction on the practical proofs of disinterestedness which the Russian Government offers to its clients and dependents. The Porte had, by the preliminary treaty of San Stefano, agreed to surrender the port of Batoum, of which the Russian Government had probably contemplated the annexation when it first prepared the attack on Turkey. The harbours of Anapa and Poti had been similarly acquired fifty years before, against the wish of the Duke of WELLINGTON, who nevertheless considered it absurd to resist the annexation by force. Both ports were afterwards found to be almost useless, and Russia consequently determined to obtain possession of Batoum. The harbour there will hold thirteen large men-of-war, fastened end on to the shore, and five or six ships in a position in which they can defend themselves. For the sake of obviating English opposition, the Emperor of RUSSIA announced that Batoum would be used only as a commercial port; and it is not improbable that the redemption of the pledge will be found convenient. It was nearly certain that the refusal of England to allow the cession of Batoum would have been treated by Russia as a case of war. Neither the value of the harbour to Turkey and to neutral Powers, nor the rights of the unknown and barbarous tribes in the neighbouring hills, would have justified a rupture. The commander of the Turkish garrison at Batoum has now peaceably surrendered the town and fortifications to the Russians; and the Lazis have found it expedient to abandon any hostile designs which they may have entertained. One of the threatened elements of disturbance is removed; and in this instance, as in other cases, the Turkish Government evidently purposes submission to the terms which have been imposed by the Congress. DERVISCH PASHA maintained a neutral attitude at Batoum only as long as his Government thought it possible that some accident might disturb the settlement of Berlin.

It may seem almost a paradox to say that the lamentable murder of MEHEMET ALI affords some indication of the approaching restoration of peace. The Albanians who perpetrated the crime believed that the Government of Constantinople and its representative in the disturbed districts had resolved to accept the Austrian occupation. No stronger proof could be given of the absence of any official intrigue against the Berlin arrangements. The loss of MEHEMET ALI is greatly to be regretted. If he was not a great general, he had proved himself a gallant and loyal soldier; nor has he, like some of his late colleagues, ever been suspected of conniving at the Russian victories either from corrupt motives or through jealousy of rivals. At Berlin, notwithstanding the disadvantage of his humble Prussian origin and his invidious position as a renegade, he displayed considerable diplomatic ability. His death shows that he had convinced his murderers of his determination to discharge his duty. The unexpected opposition which has involved the Austrian army in a regular campaign is not in itself a proof that either the English



Plenipotentiaries or Count ANDRASSY were mistaken in their policy. It is now more than ever certain that it would have been impossible to restore the Bosnian exiles to their country except by force of arms. The population of the province is unequally divided in numbers, and the warlike Mahometan minority is more than a match for a larger number of Christians. It would have been well if peace had not been disturbed by foreign intrigues three years ago; but the civil war, having once begun, could only be terminated by the employment of superior force. When the present struggle is at an end, the Austrians will compel all parties to keep the peace. It is a cause for regret that the patriotic valour of the Mussulman insurgents should be employed in a hopeless cause. In the best of times the Bosnian landowners were not docile subjects of the Porte; and in refusing to obey the orders which they have lately received from Constantinople, they may have thought that they were complying with the secret wish of their Government. The assassination of MEHMET ALI will perhaps convince the more temperate leaders that a continuance of the war would be an act of rebellion against the SULTAN.

The report of MIDHAT PASHA's appointment to high office has not yet been confirmed. The statement that he had been named as Viceroy of Anatolia was utterly incredible. Since the late curtailment of the SULTAN's European dominions, the creation of a Governor of Asia Minor would be as anomalous as a Lord-Lieutenancy of Great Britain under the Sovereign of the United Kingdom. It may be hoped that the ablest, and probably the most honest, of Turkish statesmen will not be permanently excluded from public employment. MIDHAT PASHA has been a bold reformer and a principal agent in two Palace revolutions; but his reputation was acquired as a provincial Governor in more than one part of the Empire. At Bagdad he administered the government with vigour and justice; and in the Vilayet of the Danube he proved that Mahometans and Christians could, under a just ruler, be induced or compelled to live in harmony. His integrity and his public services earned him the implacable hatred of General IGNATIEFF, who, like his predecessors, based his influence on the maintenance of misgovernment and disorder. MIDHAT PASHA struck a daring blow against the power of his enemy and the enemy of his country by dethroning ABDUL AZIZ, who had become the instrument of Russian domination. He afterwards tried the doubtful experiment of a representative Constitution, which at first provoked unqualified ridicule in foreign countries. The Ottoman Parliament, during its brief existence, in some degree disappointed unfavourable expectations. The members, if they knew nothing of political life, denounced the maladministration of the provinces and the corruption of the Palace and the Porte. The prospect of reform furnished Russia with one of its reasons for precipitating a long-meditated invasion; and when the conquering army approached Constantinople, one of the first demands of the General-in-Chief was the dissolution of the Ottoman Parliament. Unfortunately MIDHAT PASHA incurred the suspicion of a Sovereign whom he had raised to the throne, for king-makers are seldom trusted by those who fear that they may serve them as they served their predecessors. MIDHAT's opposition to the measures proposed by the Conference at Constantinople deprived him for the time of English goodwill, and his policy was probably mistaken. At the instigation of the GRAND VIZIER the Parliament preferred war to submission; and it is not wholly certain that MIDHAT was justified in his conviction that Russia had determined in any event to force a rupture. To have made a mistake in circumstances of unparalleled difficulty is not, however, a heavy reproach to a statesman. The English Government ought to promote the restoration to office of the only Turk of high political rank who can be trusted to enter heartily on the task of reforming the administration. It may perhaps be more difficult to reconcile the SULTAN to a Minister who formerly proposed to restrain his absolute prerogative. Of the SULTAN's disposition and capacity little or nothing is known, unless Lord BEACONSFIELD's complimentary phrases are supposed to have had a meaning. During the war it was impossible to attempt improvement, and there has not yet been time to profit by the restoration of peace.

## SOME RESULTS OF THE THAMES COLLISION.

WE observed last week that it is undesirable to speculate upon the immediate causes of the terrible calamity in the Thames until the Board of Inquiry appointed for the purpose has arrived at its decision. But now, even more than last week, there are certain matters connected with and arising from the disaster upon which it seems imperative to speak. Perhaps it was only to be expected, revolting as the fact is, that the scene of the wreck should become a centre of attraction to crowds of idlers bent upon collecting relics, and should be disfigured by at least one outbreak of drunken ruffianism. The passion for such hideous sight-seeing as this is, after all, only a startling instance of what may be at any time observed as a characteristic of uneducated people, who always take a morbid pleasure in lingering over harrowing details of suffering and destruction. One might indeed have hoped that the craving for this sort of excitement would have been overcome rather than stimulated by the very awfulness of the event. In the fact, however, that this was not the case there is nothing altogether amazing. But matter for amazement may be found in the conduct of people who cannot plead ignorance as an excuse for their behaviour.

On Saturday last there appeared a letter in the *Times* from Mr. J. ORRELL LEVER, the Chairman of the London Steamboat Company, "offering a few remarks" on the accident, "as a simple act of justice to all concerned, and without any desire to anticipate the result of the official inquiry which will be held by the Board of Trade." After this preface the letter went on to state the writer's conviction that the captain and crew of the *Princess Alice* were in no way to blame, to protest against the publication of the log of the *Dyrell Castle*, and to "bespeak a suspension of the public judgment" until the facts should be thoroughly inquired into. Whatever might be thought as to the desirableness or good taste of such a letter as this, it hardly afforded ground for supposing that its writer was capable of addressing to the PRINCE OF WALES the letter which appeared in Tuesday's newspapers, and which contained the following passage:—"As the entire wreck of the steamer '*Princess Alice*' will be visible on Monday next, I venture to place the saloon steamer *Victoria* at the service of your Royal Highness should you desire to visit 'the scene of the accident.'" That the letter went on to attempt to influence the PRINCE's judgment on the cause of the accident is as nothing compared with the offer which was its principal object. It is difficult to conceive how a man with any feelings of common decency could permit himself to make such a proposal. As it was of course declined by the PRINCE OF WALES, it is only strange that Mr. LEVER did not organize such another pleasure excursion as that in which the *Princess Alice* went down, for the express purpose of inspecting "the entire wreck." He might perhaps have found it a good speculation. There is always a public ready to enjoy strong situations, and we dare say a large party of sight-seers might have been collected to visit Mr. LEVER's attractive exhibition.

It was only to be expected that so terrible an event as the loss of the *Princess Alice* should lead to a certain amount of fine writing, or, as it is now called, "descriptive reporting," in the daily papers. A bad example in this respect has been set by the *Times*, which has offered its readers a vast superfluity of unnecessary and repulsive details, and has even sunk to the depth of describing "the great willingness and good-humour" with which the police performed the task of disinfecting the clothes of the unclaimed dead. It is more astonishing to find a weekly contemporary, which enjoys a reputation for respectability and thoughtfulness, actually, in the first place, making capital for fine writing out of what it calls "dramatic horrors," and, in the second place, delivering the astounding and most mischievous opinion that the loss of the *Princess Alice* could not have been avoided. "We do not see," said our contemporary, "after reading all the evidence" (as a matter of fact there was next to none to read), "that any body was to blame, unless it be the Board of Trade for allowing such a rule of the road in a crowded water-street like the Thames." Passing by the fact that this is a tolerably large exception, we may note that the article from which we quote went on to assert, amongst other things, that overcrowding and weakness of construc-

tion had nothing to do with the destruction of the *Princess Alice*, that no blame attaches to any one for the want of water-tight compartments or some similar device, that the talk about "evident mismanagement somewhere" is mere talk, and that boats are of no use when a ship is cloven open. The article then went on to deal in some reflections which had a strange look of fatalism, and ended with this sentence:—"There are and will be catastrophes in which the lesson is not effort, or foresight, or precaution, but endurance; and of such, we fear, is the lamentable fate of the *Princess Alice*." In other words, it is of no use to take precautions against the wholesale destruction which, to quote again from the article, "the scheme of God's mysterious providence" may at any time have in store for us. This theory is supported by the instance of the destruction of a village in Hungary by a violent storm with a waterspout. Nothing could well be more wide of the mark. It is precisely equivalent to saying, "We cannot prevent earthquakes, therefore it is of no use to improve fire-escapes." Happily it is evident from the vast quantity of suggestions, many of which seem valuable, which have been made for future precautions, that such pernicious nonsense as we have quoted will not have much influence.

The loss of the *Princess Alice* took place on Tuesday in last week, and on the following Saturday yet further attention was called to the dangers of the Thames traffic by the occurrence of another accident, which happily was not, but very well might have been, fatal. The Steam Navigation Company's boat *Hoboken*, coming down the river bound for Margate, struck a barge, and was thrown broadside across the river. The Steamboat Company's boat *Ariel*, following close in the wake of the *Hoboken*, tried to pass down on the right; but, instead, ran into the barge with a crash, and carried away the whole of her fore sponson on the port side. There was naturally much excitement and terror, but fortunately no one was seriously hurt. Probably the accident would have remained unnoticed had not the public mind been roused by the terrible extent of the previous disaster to a sudden sense of hitherto neglected dangers. An anonymous correspondent of the *Times* has pointed out that, so long as ten years ago, he wrote a letter to the Home Secretary directing attention to one of these dangers—overcrowding; and prophesying that, unless a check were placed upon the carrying power of the Thames steamers, a great calamity would someday occur. The calamity has come; and, although it was not because she was overcrowded that the *Princess Alice* went down, the loss of life was, of course, in proportion to the number of people which she was allowed to carry. On this point it is sufficiently obvious that reform is urgently needed. As to the rule, or want of rule, of the road, which probably was the cause of the collision between the two steamers, that is a question which can only be decided by a specially constituted tribunal after diligent inquiry. But another point which may safely be said at once to demand improvement is the provision of means for saving life in case of a river collision. The suggestion made by "a Flag Officer" in the *Times* that every passenger by a river boat should wear some garment capable, at a moment's notice, of being inflated so as to become a life-belt, is not perhaps likely to be very generally adopted. Apart from its obvious inconvenience, it is clearly the duty of the Steamboat Company rather than of the passengers to make due provision for the safety of the passengers. There can be no kind of doubt that at present there is not sufficient provision for this, and there can be hardly any doubt that to ensure this would not be a work of extravagant difficulty. We have had suggestions put forward, with various differences in detail, that the deck-seats and other articles of furniture should be so constructed as to float off from a sinking vessel, and form buoyant supports for a number of passengers, and it seems that some such device is actually used by certain Steamboat Companies. The plan certainly looks reasonable and feasible enough, and there may be much to be said for other suggestions as to easily portable rafts and so on. The authorities with whom the matter will rest will certainly not be in want of materials upon which to found their decision as to the precautions to be taken against any recurrence of the terrible fate of the *Princess Alice*; and it may be safely assumed that they will not take the silly and fatalistic view upon which we have commented above.

#### THE COTTON TRADE.

THE discussion on past and future strikes in the cotton trade and on the proposed remedy of working short time seems, like most controversies of the kind, unlikely to lead to agreement. The masters appear to be practically unanimous, although they differ in their reasons for rejecting the suggestion of short time. Mr. JOHN MORLEY, who has no personal interest in the question, approves of the theory of the workmen, while he holds that the expediency of a strike must depend on the amount of the funds which furnish their means of resistance. Mr. MORLEY'S great ability and his long study of economic questions entitle him to respectful attention; but his political and social doctrines may perhaps exercise an unconscious influence over his judgment. In one of his letters he uses as an argument in favour of the contention of the workmen the fact that they are the majority. The rights and interests of property would be held on a precarious tenure if they were regulated by the opinions of the majority. The master manufacturers are less impartial and dispassionate than Mr. MORLEY, but it can scarcely be doubted that they understand their own interests better. Whether their welfare and the prosperity of their workmen are affected by the same conditions must remain doubtful as long as the two classes are divided by chronic antagonism. It is more material to observe that in the present dispute the power of decision rests with the masters. Mr. MORLEY, while he admits that short time would be injurious to some of the manufacturers, suggests that the Masters' Association might in this as in other cases overrule the resistance of dissentients; but there is no reason to suppose that his opinions are shared by a majority or even by any considerable fraction of the whole number of employers. Mr. THORNELY has shown by a simple calculation that in an average mill of 30,000 spindles and 500 looms, the cost of working a mill only for four days in the week would be increased by 33*l.* a week, representing two days' fixed expenses. He further explains that the total difference between full time and short time would amount to 63*l.* a week. The question whether a manufacturer ought to submit to such a result is less important than the practical issue of the possibility of inducing or compelling him to incur a ruinous loss. The initiative of industry and the final settlement of trade disputes necessarily belong to the capitalist; and it is useless to contend that the labourer ought to have an equal voice. Mr. MORLEY'S address to the Trades-Union Congress is temperate and instructive. He is fully justified in contending that the workmen ought not to bear all the loss of depressed trade; but the masters have never advanced a claim to be borne harmless.

There is some force in Mr. MORLEY'S argument that during an extraordinary stagnation of demand there is no advantage in making production cheaper. If, as he says, all the consumers of cotton were dead or bankrupt, there would be no demand even if goods were sold for nothing. Many customers are, in fact, dead or bankrupt by reason of Eastern famines, of bad harvests, and of political disturbances. It follows, therefore, that it is better to cause an artificial scarcity than to produce larger quantities at a lower rate. Several of the manufacturers who have replied to Mr. MORLEY allow that the stock of cotton goods is inconveniently large; but they dispute his contention that the price of raw cotton would have been lowered by the operation of short time. When the strike ended, after a struggle of nine weeks, production had been much more effectually limited than it would have been if the mills had worked four days in the week; yet the price of cotton at Liverpool, instead of falling, rose twenty per cent., with the result of counteracting the saving which had been effected in wages. One writer mentions the case of a mill in which the turn-out of goods and the total amount of wages received were increased when the manufacturer worked only four days in the week. The hands were more industrious, and consequently they earned more than they had received during full time; but the object of checking production had of course not been attained. In the event of a rise of prices the employer may perhaps recoup himself for his additional outlay on wages. Mr. MORLEY attributes to the leaders of the workmen a statesmanlike appreciation of the economic problem which masters and men are required to solve. He would probably think that the employers were to blame if they regarded with distaste the ingenuity of managers of Trade-Unions in forming general opinions on the theory of production. Mr. HUGH



MASON, who is well known both as a democratic politician and as a manufacturer, altogether declines to hand over the management of industrial enterprises to the leaders of the workmen. He even ventures to depart from the reticence which is generally practised by his own class in public, by asserting that Trade-Unions are an unmitigated curse, and that they have done enormous mischief without one countervailing gain. In this case, as in the demand of the workmen for short time, it is idle to denounce the inevitable and actual state of things. The able Manchester Correspondent of the *Times* says that prudent manufacturers speak of the Unions as if strikes were showers of rain. That a gale or a snowstorm does enormous mischief without countervailing gain is a barren proposition even when it is true.

The community at large may regard with just but ineffective jealousy deliberate attempts to make production dearer. If purchasers have a moral right to commodities at their natural price, they can only enforce their claim by means of competition. In almost all foreign countries at the present time, as formerly in England, the producers have successfully conspired against the consumers; but Free-trade, where it exists, restores natural relations. A confederacy to limit the quantity of coal or of cotton sent into the market is powerless unless it is universal. The Lancashire manufacturers cannot by their own action suppress competition in Saxony or in the United States; and the arbitrary diminution of their own supply offers direct encouragement to increased foreign production. To an objection which, if it can be established, is almost fatal to his argument, Mr. MORLEY only replies that seven years ago Mr. HUGH MASON declared that foreign competition was not to be feared. If Mr. MASON failed to anticipate the progress of industry in other countries, his admissions cannot bind the general body of masters, and he can himself at any time escape from confutation by confessing that he was formerly in the wrong. A Correspondent of the *Times* gives the particulars of certain calico from the United States which is put into the market of Manchester at a lower rate than the cost price of a similar article made on the spot. It may be hoped that the low price is a result of exceptional causes, as of over-production and of the difficulty of finding a market at home. But it is certain that cotton manufacturers have learned to regard foreign competition with serious alarm. It is true that the cotton manufacture is now depressed in other parts of the world as well as in England; but the dull demand which still survives can only be stimulated by comparative, if not by actual, cheapness. If a revival of trade finds Lancashire handicapped by artificial dearth of production, foreign millowners will obtain the command of neutral markets. The reasons against short time compulsorily imposed on the manufacturers would appear to be conclusive if the same course were not sometimes voluntarily preferred. It would seem that the Trade-Union leaders are not demonstrably in the wrong, except as far as they undertake to judge of the interests of the masters. The writers who have attempted to show that short time necessarily injures the producer prove too much. Remedies which are allowed by common consent to be sometimes applicable cannot be rejected as intrinsically absurd. Mr. MORLEY may probably be justified in attributing to the limitation of working hours effected by the agency of Trade-Unions an effective impediment to a still greater amount of over-production.

The Congress now in session at Bristol affords the workmen and their advocates ample opportunity of stating their case without the inconvenience of any expression of dissent. It is true that the advisers of bodies of workmen sometimes discourage strikes, but only because they are thought to be ill-timed, as when the funds by which they are to be supported are insufficient. It is really for the occasional institution of strikes that Trade-Unions exist, and yet it is still doubtful whether artisans are benefited by proceedings which are undoubtedly injurious to the masters, to trade, and to the general community. There is perhaps a presumption in favour of the efficiency, if not of the expediency, of measures which approve themselves to the judgment of great multitudes of men; but to outside observers the mischief seems in almost every particular case to preponderate over the advantage. The Congress could not have been expected to recur to the preliminary question

whether the organization which it represents is legitimate and useful. The commission of the delegates requires them not to discuss the character of their constituencies, but to ascertain the means of increasing their power and securing their success; yet the address of the President consists mainly of an apology for the existence of Trade-Unions. Their leaders will not look back with complacency on the late strike of the factory hands in Lancashire. They may have listened with complacency to Mr. MORLEY's arguments in favour of the experiment of short time; but the brutal violence of some of the workmen in the form of riot and arson has alienated general sympathy, and disappointed the friends of the working classes. The attempt to prove that the outrages were committed by vagabond strangers has been abandoned as hopeless; yet it is not a little surprising that a strike promoted in vindication of a theory should have excited ferocious passions. The workmen from first to last professed their willingness to share the losses which, as they allowed, were really incurred by the masters. They insisted, indeed, on their own explanation of the cause, and on the special remedy which they consequently proposed; but a variance of opinion on a difficult economic question seems neither to justify nor to explain attacks on persons and property. Well-informed newspaper correspondents suggest the most probable explanation of the difficulty when they attribute to personal causes many anomalies which are unintelligible to strangers. Good temper, knowledge of character, and diplomatic skill will not always avert trade collisions; but in all relations of life such qualities tend more than soundness of theory and honesty of purpose to keep the peace.

#### INDIAN RAILWAYS.

THE yearly Report which Mr. DANVERS draws up on Indian Railways can hardly be expected to maintain its interest undiminished. When railways were new things in India, there were several questions which it was evident must be decided by experience, while it was not at all evident in what way they would be decided. The material conditions under which the lines had to be constructed were different from any previously known, and caste and pilgrimage introduced moral conditions of equal novelty. The system of a Government guarantee was one of which we had no experience in England, and it remained to be seen how far the requirements of trade could be reconciled with those military necessities to which the Government would naturally give the first place in determining the course which the railways should take. All these matters have now been disposed of. The worst that Indian floods or Indian insects can do is ascertained. The extent to which native prejudices stand in the way of the full use of the railways has been tested. The doubts about the working of the guarantee are removed, and the majority of the Indian lines have entered upon a period of level prosperity which makes them only attractive to shareholders. They have no history, and they are as happy and as dull as nations who stand in the same position. It is only here and there in Mr. DANVERS's Report that there occurs anything which the non-professional reader is likely to remember after he has put down the Blue-Book.

The traffic returns for 1877 were largely influenced by the famine. It is true that this was confined to Southern India, but the activity necessary to meet the demands of Southern India had no such local limitation. The increase of 2,500,000 tons in the quantity of goods carried, and of 2,000,000*l.* in the amount received for conveying them, was distributed over all the railways, the sources of supply being the Upper Provinces and Bengal. The goods carried were mainly articles of the most general consumption—grain, salt, sugar, and coal. The demand for cotton, on the other hand, was very much less, as a much larger proportion of the income of all except the wealthy classes has to be spent on food. The Madras Railway, for example, carried only 1,684 tons of cotton in 1877 as compared with 23,475 tons in 1876. The use of the railways in enabling the Government to deal with the famine can hardly be exaggerated. There has never yet been a dearth of food in India generally. One province has had what another has wanted, and the only difficulty has been how to bring the two provinces into contact. Mr. DANVERS

mentions a singular fact in connexion with the drought which produced the famine. So sudden and rapid was the rainfall during part of 1877, that "in the course of one week in the Madras Presidency the traffic which was being busily conducted for famine purposes was checked by floods in the very places where drought had lasted for many months." A demand of even greater suddenness, though not of equal magnitude with the famine, was that made by the despatch of native troops to Europe in the present year. The Railway Companies who had to meet it showed themselves prompt and punctual in all the arrangements made for the carriage alike of men and material.

The aggregate revenue of the guaranteed lines for 1877 was 6,091,532*l.*, exceeding the guaranteed interest by 1,454,591*l.* This compares very favourably with the previous year, in which there had been a deficit of 216,517*l.* The result was mainly due, of course, to the great increase in the traffic; but it was helped out by the cheapness of some of the most important items of railway material. Thus, the lowest price of steel rails in 1878 has been 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* per ton, and of coal 8*s.* 6*d.* per ton; whereas in 1873 steel rails could not be had for less than 18*l.* 10*s.* per ton, nor coal for less than 19*s.* 6*d.* The prosperity consequent on this increase of revenue and decrease of expenditure was not distributed over all the guaranteed lines. Four earned surplus profits, but four others had to come upon the State to make up the guaranteed interest. Comparing the capital expended up to the end of the year on all lines, State and guaranteed, with the money earned, the average receipts for the year were 5*l.* 5*s.* per cent. This average was made up of sums varying from 9*l.* per cent. on the East Indian Railway to 3*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.* per cent. on the Rajputana line. For a time the Eastern Bengal was even more prosperous than the East Indian, since it "yielded a profit which, after paying the interest on debentures, would have given a dividend on the share capital at the rate of 13*l.* per cent. per annum." The total debt now due from the railways to the Government is 26,802,303*l.*, nearly 40,000,000*l.* having already been paid off. Mr. DANVERS is of opinion that, though much of the last year's financial success was due to exceptional causes, yet these exceptional causes themselves led to a diminution of profits in other ways. The additional receipts which must be credited to the famine traffic were realized at the expense of other traffic, "which was excluded by an insufficiency of rolling-stock, and by the preference necessarily given to the conveyance of grain over other commodities while the demand for food existed." The trade which was kept back by the famine will, it may be hoped, revive and grow now that the railways are again able to give it the attention ordinarily and properly due to it.

The most important question raised by Mr. DANVERS in this year's Report is the pressing need which exists for the establishment of schools in the hills for the children of the Europeans employed on the railways. In 1860 Lord CANNING pointed out that, if measures for educating these children were not promptly and vigorously taken, the Government would soon find themselves "embarrassed in all large towns and stations with a floating population of Indianized English loosely brought up, exhibiting most of the worst qualities of both races." Such a population would resemble in many respects the "mean whites" of the Southern States of America before the abolition of slavery. Like them, it would cherish the pride of an aristocracy when measuring itself with the coloured races. Like them, it would share the inability of the unjust steward to dig, without sharing the shame which prevented him from begging. During the eighteen years which have passed since Lord CANNING wrote the class which he had in view must have greatly increased in number, but it cannot be said that any adequate steps have yet been taken to meet the need. The East Indian Railway Company are about to open a school at Mussoorie, where twenty-eight children are already being educated at another school maintained by the Sind, Punjab, and Delhi Company. In Southern India the only schools available are situated in the plains, and are consequently quite unfitted for Europeans. The children connected with the railways for whom a proper educational provision is needed are estimated by Mr. DANVERS at between three and four thousand, and this does not include those connected with the other industrial undertakings which are yearly multiplying in India.

Some fifty children perhaps are receiving a decent education under conditions favourable to physical health out of several thousands who stand in urgent need of similar care. This is not a satisfactory picture for the contemplation either of the Government or of the public.

#### THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND THE SOCIALISTS.

IN the *Times* of Tuesday and Wednesday there appeared two letters giving an account of the attempts recently made in Paris to hold an International Working-men's and Socialist Congress. From this narrative we learn that working-men's congresses were held at Paris in 1877 and at Lyons in the February of the present year, and that, as both these meetings were successful, it was determined at the latter to hold a third Congress at Marseilles in February 1879, and an Extraordinary Congress at Paris while the Exhibition was open. The international character of the Exhibition naturally suggested the addition of an international character to the Congress, and the rule that none but *bonâ fide* working-men delegated by Trade Societies should be admitted, which had already been waived at Lyons, was still further relaxed in the Extraordinary Congress. According to the *Times*' Correspondent, "journalists, students, &c., with socialistic proclivities and philosophical theories," flocked to Paris, and promptly gave evidence of the direction in which their faces were set by insisting that the Congress should be rechristened, and should be known in future as the International Working-men's and Socialist Congress. Still the questions to be discussed remained innocent enough. Whatever violent spirits may find to say upon wages, education, taxation, and international arbitration, the words themselves have an essentially dreary sound. The English reader is carried in spirit to a meeting of the Statistical Society, and is prepared for nothing so little as an intervention of the police. The Government, however, were in no way mollified by the apparent innocence of the programme. They forbade the Congress to meet, and warned the Organizing Committee that, if they persisted in holding it, they must expect to find themselves in conflict with the police. This intimation caused a division in the Committee. One party, rather than risk the suppression of their Societies by the Government, declined to have anything more to do with the proposed Congress; the other party determined to go on in spite of the prohibition. A law passed at the instance of M. DUFAURE closes private houses against the visits of the police between sunset and sunrise, and the Committee thought that by means of this provision they might defy the Government. They contrived to hold a meeting on Monday, the 2nd of September, and then determined, in order to suit the convenience of the English Unionists, that the Congress should be opened on the following Thursday. To bring it within the DUFAURE law, they hired a room in the name of one of their number, by whom the delegates attending the Congress were invited as to a private party. When a French Minister, even a Republican Minister, has made up his mind to take a certain course, he is not easily turned from it, and M. DE MACCÉE was no exception to this rule. He had entrusted the matter to one of his subordinates, M. FOUQUETEAU, and at eight o'clock on the night fixed for the meeting M. FOUQUETEAU appeared, his temper possibly not improved by his unsuccessful hunts after the Organizing Committee. From that moment the fortunes of the meeting were decided. The police did not wait to see it constituted. The assumption that a man had come to attend it stood in the place of an attendance. "Citizen" QUESDE was arrested as he was getting out of a cab. "Citizen" FINANCE was taken for the high crime and misdemeanour of trying to keep the door of the room he had hired shut. To ask the reason for one arrest was sufficient to provoke another. In one case the offender only asked the name of a constable; but this, like taking the number of a policeman in England, was probably held to imply dissatisfaction with what was going on, and consequently disaffection to the authority whose representative the constable was.

These proceedings ought to reassure the most doubting spirit as to the strictly conservative character of the Republic. Neither CHARLES X. nor NAPOLEON III. could have carried matters with a higher hand. NAPOLEON III., however, would have shown more prudence in the management of the affair. The Republican policemen are perhaps new



to their work, and consequently at once zealous and clumsy in the performance of it. It would have been wiser, supposing M. DE MARCÈRE to have been bent upon breaking up the meeting even in the maimed form in which it was proposed to hold it, to have at all events waited until there had been some overt act of disobedience to his orders. Granting the wickedness of holding a meeting in a private room after a meeting in a public room had been forbidden, it is still rather a strong measure to take a notice that a meeting will be held in a certain place, coupled with the fact of a man's coming to the place named in a cab, as tantamount to holding the meeting. Besides, public sympathy counts for something in these matters, and if M. FOUQUETEAU had only allowed a few speeches to be made, the speakers would have been certain to say something which would have made them detested by all except extreme Radicals. Socialism is not catching in France just now, and the first Socialist sentiment that had been uttered would have been held to identify the speaker with the Commune, and so to render him an outlaw without further trial. By making the arrests when and as he did, M. FOUQUETEAU threw away this advantage. Perhaps his orders were imperative; perhaps M. DE MARCÈRE is in possession of evidence which will be accepted by the French public as justifying the arrest of these delegates, not for what they were doing when arrested, but for what they have done or are suspected of doing at some other time. With the lax views that Frenchmen, and especially French officials, entertain about personal liberty, this would probably be accepted as an ample defence for the course which has been taken.

As the acts of the Government cannot be questioned in the courts of law, the only redress that the persons thus arrested can look for is redress by the action of the Chamber of Deputies. M. DE MARCÈRE might be censured for what he has done; and, if censured, would probably resign. There is not the slightest chance, however, that such a censure will be pronounced, because the only persons conceivably anxious to pronounce it are the Republican deputies, and in their eyes M. DE MARCÈRE is about the best, if not the best, member of the Cabinet. Marshal MACMAHON would probably like nothing better than to be relieved of his Minister of the Interior, and M. DE MARCÈRE's successor would probably be as severe upon Socialist meetings as M. DE MARCÈRE himself, and less satisfactory to the Republican party in other respects. That these methods of dealing with unpopular doctrines can be resorted to with entire impunity is not, however, an encouraging sign of the progress of Liberal ideas in France. With the exception of a few deputies, who are actuated probably by sympathy with the views of the arrested persons as much as by dislike of the treatment to which they have been subjected, no one seems to have taken much notice of M. FOUQUETEAU's acts. M. GAMBETTA's organ is a good deal exercised because M. DE MARCÈRE did not treat some Catholics who have been holding a meeting at Chartres with the same severity as he showed towards the Socialists; but that is all. If he had forbidden both meetings, the *République Française* would seemingly have seen nothing to blame in his conduct. Apparently the principles of 1789, to which appeal is so often made by the Republicans, do not include freedom of speech, or even of opinion. You must not, for example, express peculiar views about property or government; and if you make arrangements for expressing them, you may be arrested before you have expressed them; the crime in the latter case consisting in the, as yet, silent holding of the objectionable doctrines. It is disheartening to see the Republic accepting with so much readiness this mischievous inheritance from preceding Governments. There never was a time or a country in which the policy of repressing Socialist opinion had less to say for itself than it has in France at the present moment. The classes which are now dominant there are not in the least in danger of being led astray by a Socialist propaganda; and, if they were in danger of it, the really effectual propaganda is not that which makes use of public meetings. When Socialists hold Congresses, their doctrines are known, and can be answered; when they are forbidden this kind of publicity, they are at most only suspected, and the hypothetical and random answers which can alone be made to them may easily miss their object. In the present instance there would probably have been no need to answer what was said at the Congress. The mere statement of the dele-

gates' views would have been sufficient to ensure their condemnation by the majority of Frenchmen. The Republic has apparently been guilty of a wholly needless plagiarism from the practice of despotic Governments.

#### PAUPER EDUCATION.

IT is now some years since we pointed out that what is known as the District School system in pauper education stood in need of thorough revision. The controversy which was raised by the publication of the late Mrs. NASSAU SENIOR's Report on the metropolitan District Schools was unfortunately complicated by the addition of questions which did not properly belong to it. Mrs. SENIOR committed the unusual error of proving her points by induction when she might have been content with proving them deductively. Her description of the conditions under which children are brought up at the District Schools was quite enough to show that a great reform was needed as regards boys, and a radical change as regards girls. Mrs. SENIOR's enthusiasm led her to try to establish not only that girls so brought up would be likely to turn out ill, but that, as a matter of fact, A, B, and C, and so on throughout the alphabet, had turned out ill. The consequence was that she found herself involved in a multitude of details, every one of which, taken by itself, might be open to question. Those who had already satisfied themselves that the District School system was faulty argued that, though any single one of Mrs. SENIOR's cases might be incorrectly stated, it was in the highest degree improbable that all, or even any large number, of them should be so. Those, on the other hand, who believed in the District School system *à priori* talked about the weakest link of the chain, and argued that disproof of any one case threw suspicion on a great many more. It was an unprofitable discussion; and the Local Government Board were perhaps wise to let the question drop for the time. There can be no doubt, however, that they have been wise in reviving it now that the personal feelings it excited have cooled down. The question how pauper children can best be educated must be one of great importance in a country where destitution has a legal claim to relief. The dangers connected with pauperism are so great and so constant that we cannot afford to let slip any opportunity of rescuing children from pauper traditions and associations. We confess, however, that we should hardly have thought it necessary to commission a Local Government Board Inspector and a Captain in the Royal Engineers to report on the comparative merits of the home and the barrack systems of education. We entirely agree with the conclusions at which these gentlemen have arrived, and the only objection we have to make to the way in which they arrived at them is that the task was probably a superfluous one. It was not necessary for Dr. MOUTAT and Captain BOWLY to visit six private institutions in order to arrive at a firm conviction that the cottage or family system is not only applicable to, but decidedly desirable for, the bringing up of pauper children. They would, we are sure, have said the same thing before they began their tour of inspection. They would probably have said the same thing any time this five years. The whole question is one of common sense rather than of evidence, and as such we propose now to treat it.

The District School system was an immense advance on the old Workhouse Schools. In the latter there was no proper separation between the children and the adult paupers, and the result was that the children were brought up amidst the very associations from which it was most desirable to separate them. What might be called their home life as apart from their school life was in most cases passed in the society of paupers. Paupers formed their world, and the views of paupers stood to them for public opinion. It was a very great gain to take pauper children out of these degrading associations, and to give them a start in life which was not coloured from the first by the associations which it was most desirable they should forget. But the District School system was characterized by two great faults. In the first place, there was no separation between the children of casual paupers and orphan and deserted children. In this way the gain of removing the children from the traditions of the workhouse was entirely neutralized. Association with adult paupers was put an end to, but

association with a much more interesting class — the children of adult paupers who had only come into the school for a few months — was maintained in a more intense form. Life in a large barrack holding a thousand children, with no holidays and no friends, is not so lively that the inmates can afford to despise any amusement that offers itself. When the regular inmates are introduced to children who have only just come in from the world outside, and who bring thence all the amusing, though not improving, stories that a child who has been tramping about the country with its parents readily picks up, it is obvious that the conversation of the new comers will have an indescribable charm. Unfortunately it is a charm the influence of which cannot be other than evil. In every school the presence of a certain type of boys is acknowledged to be injurious, and the capacity of a head-master is largely tested by his success in getting rid of them before they have had time to do much mischief. In District Schools the door is thrown open to children of this type, and evil communications are relied on to form good manners, instead of being guarded against as corrupting them.

The second fault of the district system applied especially to girls. Girls who are brought up as paupers, at all events in the south of England, are almost necessarily destined to become domestic servants. There is very little demand for female labour in any other capacity, while in this capacity there is a large and constant demand for it at the precise age at which pauper children are ordinarily sent into the world. Even where some other employment presents itself, girls are almost certain at some time or other of their lives to need the same qualifications which fit them for domestic service. They will want to know how to keep a house clean, how to cook plain food, how to look after babies. In the district school there is scarcely any opportunity of their learning these simple arts. The school is a huge barrack, and it has to be organized and administered as a barrack. To that organization and administration a large amount of labour-saving machinery is indispensable. Water cannot be carried up lofty staircases and along vast corridors by small children; it has to be raised by engines. Cooking cannot be done at the cottage grate, which is all that the children will ever see in after life; it requires a range with all the latest improvements, and designed to consume the least possible fuel in comparison with the work done. Even the children themselves have to be grouped in large masses, with the infants in one department and the elder girls in another. It is all inevitable, all an inseparable part of the barrack system. As regards boys, perhaps, no great harm comes of it. They lose something in the way of home affections, but in other respects they are not much injured. They do not want to learn cooking, or nursing, or household work, and their time out of school is pretty well employed in learning trades and in the games from which even pauper boys are not altogether debarred. But with girls the loss is irreparable. They do not get a sort of knowledge which is indispensable to them, and as they have nothing in place of it which can fill up their time or enlist their interest, they necessarily grow up listless as well as ignorant. This is the system which, as we may suppose from the employment of Dr. MOUAT and Captain BOWLY to report on the merits of a rival system, the Local Government Board are at length beginning to distrust. The plan of grouping pauper children into separate homes arranged round a common centre has great advantages alike over the District School and the boarding-out systems, and every step taken to promote its adoption will deservedly be watched with interest and sympathy.

#### BOULOGNE HARBOUR.

THE latest exploit of French finance must fret more than ever the regretful cupidity of German chauvinism. M. SAY boasted, not unreasonably, at the Boulogne banquet on Monday that the readiness with which the Three per Cent. Redeemable Loan had been taken up placed French credit almost on a level with English. Such an operation would at any time have testified to the good credit of a Government. But the triumph is wonderfully enhanced when the present state of the European money markets is considered. As if all the capitalists of Europe were running to M. LÉON SAY to

take their stores, and as if the financial burdens entailed by the war with Germany had been but so much ballast necessary to give stability to a French Republican Treasury, M. SAY is even now undertaking another enormous enterprise. The creation of new harbours at Calais and Boulogne is only an offshoot of his project for buying up a great network of railways. The Calais and Boulogne works may cost three millions sterling between them, but the Republican Ministry is pledging the country to an outlay of two hundred millions. French statesmen of the new type are bold in their finance, but modest in expounding it. MM. SAY and DE FREYCINET excuse the improvements in French harbour accommodation as being an unambitious scheme. The sum devoted, said the former Minister, to the Calais and Boulogne harbour works is no more than the annual outlay for twenty years past on similar objects. In the eyes of Frenchmen a generation ago nothing could have demonstrated more entirely the strength of a Government than the courage to spend State money, and spend it freely. A Government which ventured to pledge the country to an outlay of two hundred millions sterling would by the very act have justified its title. M. SAY is aware that a French audience now expects to have a large scheme proved to be economically sound, and not merely brilliant. French public men have ceased, at any rate for the time, to make an olla podrida of politics and finance and regard the mixture as statecraft. In the days of the Second Empire the ceremony of last Monday would have been made the theme of a dithyramb celebrating the formation of an offensive and defensive alliance between France and England. The moment the two countries ceased to regard each other as do two bulldogs held each by a chain, Frenchmen at any rate leaped to the conclusion that the Channel had ceased to be. Under a NAPOLEON everything had its political meaning. Nothing was allowed to signify simply what the words said. Constitutional Republicanism has the virtue of being more natural. England and France are not supposed by MM. SAY and DE FREYCINET to be about to fly together at the throat of Germany because a number of respectable gentlemen will, through the creation of a deep-water harbour at Boulogne, have a better chance of reaching the bliss of Paris without passing through a three hours' purgatory of sea-sickness. At the same time, in a matter-of-fact and sober way, Frenchmen and Englishmen alike recognize that both countries will gain by whatever facilitates the communication between them. If they are disposed to repine at the change, it will be that, after having had to endure for centuries the discomforts of accommodation which would have suited all the needs of a fishing village, Calais and Boulogne should choose the same moment to offer travellers between England and France the advantages of two great ports. The traffic, however, can find custom for two harbours on the French coast, as it doubtless could for a dozen. Calais is a harbour for Belgium and Germany as much as for France. Boulogne is for Englishmen the port of Paris. Whatever renders Boulogne more accessible brings Paris and London closer together.

There have been times in the history of the two countries when this would have been thought a doubtful benefit. The maps with which some of our contemporaries have undertaken to exhibit the contemplated new port at Boulogne have suggested either a sea-serpent on the point of swallowing a modern JONAH or old prints of the Jewish Tabernacle. Not so long ago the former would have appeared to many Englishmen a true type of the supposed improvement. Paris was in their belief already too near when it was at three or four days' distance from London. Perhaps it was. Familiarity has done away with many of the dangerous fascinations of Paris luxury, as with many of the unreal terrors. If Paris was vicious formerly, we fear it can scarcely be held to be virtuous now. But its vice had a novelty and a refinement of which the first has vanished for Englishmen, and much of the second for Frenchmen also. Paris is now a great metropolis, whereas once it was a Court. There is no more society in it for a casual visitor than there is in London; and Londoners run no greater peril of coming back from Paris with French manners than of learning to talk philosophy after a couple of nights in Edinburgh. The angles and idiosyncrasies, the sparkle and the crispness, are not in the Paris which the Second Empire formed. The Republic may make new harbours; but it could not, if it would, revive a society which is simply dead. Improvements



in the facilities for interchanging inhabitants between the two capitals will open the door to no new social phase in London. Better harbours might turn the Channel into a mere ferry, and all London might pour into Paris. Yet London would learn from Paris no special mode of thought that it could acclimatize whether in Piccadilly or in Bloomsbury, any more than it could acclimatize the fashion of drinking coffee on open-air benches, or the use of merry-go-rounds. Parisians have little to teach Londoners for good or for ill; but Paris nevertheless has a good deal to teach London. We wish London could learn the great secret which Paris has always known of clubbing the gaiety of the individuals who compose a population. The bigger Paris grows, the more enjoyment Parisians appear to get out of it. The continued increase of London seems only to make it continually duller and heavier.

There is another side to the picture. Whatever opportunities the new harbour of Boulogne will give for readier transit from London to Paris, it will give for travelling in the opposite direction. As it is, London is always wanting to go to Paris; but little, except business, brings Paris to London. Paris makes a great mistake in that. It might gain as much from London as London can gain from it. If nothing else, it might learn why London is altogether the cheapest capital in the world, as Paris is perhaps the dearest. Even here, however, we need a Parisian emigration into London, not so much to enjoy London cheapness as to teach Londoners how to make the most of it. Parisians have lost in the lavishness and conventionalities of the Empire much of the simplicity and adroitness which once distinguished them. But even now, a Parisian would utilize the astonishing variety of London resources with an ingenuity which a Londoner never practises. It has been said that a Chinaman fattens where an English labourer would starve. Certainly a middle-class Frenchman could support himself comfortably on the margin which skilful marketing in London would leave upon a middle-class Londoner's expenditure. A Londoner has no cognizance of the waves, ebbing and flowing, of London supplies. For him the shopkeeper in the next street strikes an average; never, it may be, cheating him extortionately, but also never letting him have the turn of the market. Another expatriation of Huguenots or aristocrats is needed to teach Londoners the ways and means of their own town.

If only the deep-sea harbour would conquer a Parisian's fear of maritime adventures, and induce a French exploration of real native London—not the London of Hyde Park, or even Leicester Square—the British metropolis might be grateful indeed to MM. ADAM and HUGUET for projecting the new port, and to MM. DE FREYCINET and SAY for finding the 680,000*l.* Unfortunately Frenchmen have not the spirit of missionaries in this direction. They would run over sea and land to make a convert to their reading for the moment of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. They would mortgage their industry for a century so that another land might see the merits of the Code Napoleon. But a sense of the duty of teaching people peacefully how to enjoy themselves seems to be wanting to the national conscience. New harbours at Boulogne and Calais, quicker trains between Boulogne and Paris, will double the hundreds of thousands of Englishmen who visit Paris, and the tens of thousands of Frenchmen who venture into London. They will, it may be feared, come and gaze and go back, bringing apparently nothing with them, and taking apparently nothing away. A robust faith in the virtues of national intercommunication is required to make us echo M. HUGUET's assertion that "the great works at Boulogne and Calais will continue to be bonds of union between two great nations." It is something of the same faith which makes Boulogne itself jubilant over a project for facilitating the departure of travellers without touching its pavement. Yet Boulogne will doubtless manage to take toll of its passing visitors. In the same way we know that France and England learn something of each other with every half-hour curtailed of the distance between them. It must, however, be admitted that the individual Englishmen and Frenchmen through whom the connexion is carried are marvellously ingenious in dissembling any effect it may have had upon themselves.

#### CENTRAL AND LOCAL INSPECTION.

THE question raised in the Report of the Royal Commission on Noxious Vapours as to the form of inspection of manufacturing processes on behalf of the community threatens to become of very great importance. In spite of occasional resistance to the whole principle of inspection, and of frequent references to the supposed maxim of the Constitution that an Englishman's house is his castle, which is supposed to justify that resistance, the question whether there shall or shall not be inspection may be taken as settled. There is no need to deny the force of the objections which may be urged against it. Like most other arrangements necessitated by the curious complexity of modern civilization, it is in many respects an evil. In theory it would be much better to lay down a law about nuisances and leave it to the injured person to invoke that law in his defence. But in practice a provision of this kind has ceased to be of any value. The manufacturers who make money by multiplying nuisances have a more immediate and continuous interest in defending themselves against attack than any one among the particular persons who are injured by these nuisances can have in attacking them. It may be true that all that a man hath will he give for his life, but it is not in the least true that all or any large part of what a man hath will he give for his health. Perhaps men do not see that the sky above has become black and that the earth beneath has become bare; or they see it and are content that it should be so, provided that they can make a better living by reason of the change; or, rather than spend money which they cannot afford to lose in the process of abating the nuisance, they go away and leave it behind them; or, if that is impossible, they put up with it as best they may. If this were only a process going on here and there, it might be best in the interest of the community to leave the individual grievance unremedied. But when it is one that is going on in all directions, and becoming more frequent, as well as more universal, every day, the community itself becomes interested in applying a check to it. The public may look on with indifference so long as the progress of manufacturing industry only makes A or B's life wearisome; but, when the instances in which this occurs are continually multiplying, no one can feel secure that he may not himself become a case in point; and, when once this stage has been reached, the public are sure to begin thinking whether it would not be cheaper and more convenient to take measures of redress or prevention on behalf of the community than to leave one or the other to be taken by some individual member of the community. It then remains to be determined whether redress or prevention shall be the method resorted to. No doubt redress has the advantage that, when complete, it answers all the purposes of prevention without incurring any of its accompanying drawbacks. But then redress never can be complete. In many cases the evil is done; and, though the cause may be removed, the effect will remain. In other cases it would be almost as difficult to get the sufferers to put the machinery of redress into action as though they had to work it at their own cost. In others, again, the immediate sufferers are indifferent to what is going on, and would have no wish to invoke the aid of the community. The only machinery that is not open to one or other of these objections is the machinery of prevention. The law says that such or such a thing shall not be done, and the community appoint representatives to take care that it shall not be done. When Mr. VIVIAN argues that the law of the law should provide adequate remedies for all injuries and nuisances, and that, if the law is at fault in this respect, it ought to be amended, he calls for an impossible state of things. No system of law can provide adequate remedies for all injuries in the sense of ensuring the application of these remedies as often as occasion arises, unless the injuries are of a kind to be more keenly felt by the individual sufferer than noxious vapours. A man will prosecute another when he has been robbed, but not when he has merely been made to hold his nose. Yet in the long run the state of things which necessitates the holding of the nose may be productive of as much annoyance and loss to the community as the state of things which allows of robbery. Given, then, that there must be inspection of processes which can neither be altogether forbidden nor left altogether

uncontrolled without public inconvenience, of what nature should this inspection be? Here in England at the present moment the choice resolves itself into two alternatives—local inspection and central inspection. The case on each side is very fairly stated by the Commissioners. The advocates of central inspection deny that local Inspectors can be trusted to do the work committed to them; and they say further that local inspection does not carry with it those compensations which can alone make a system of supervision tolerable to those over whom it is exercised. It was the subject, says the Report, of almost universal complaint that the ordinary local authorities “will in the great majority of cases do nothing which tends to discourage the establishment and extension of industries which, although always offensive and sometimes injurious, contribute on the whole to local prosperity.” They insist on sacrificing the health and comfort of their constituents to the requirements of trade; and it is useless to expect them to do anything else, because they are convinced that they are all the time consulting the true interests of those whom they represent. And, supposing that the local authorities were more willing to do their duty in this respect, a local sanitary authority would seldom, it is contended, possess the scientific knowledge which is essential to adequate inspection of any manufacturing process. A Government Inspector gathers in time a very large experience of the kind of alterations which are required by the law. Consequently he is often able to tell the manufacturer not only what he must do, but how he may best do it. All this is wanting under a system of local inspection. Again, local inspection would provide no uniform standard to which all manufacturers must conform. One sanitary authority would be lax, another would be severe. The effect of this would be to place the manufacturers who were subject to the severe authority at a commercial disadvantage as compared with those who were subject to the lax authority. The objections to central inspection come mainly from the officials of the Local Government Board. The central authority does not wish to have any such responsibilities thrown upon it. The true policy, says Mr. SIMON, is that the central government “should act, not as an inspector of nuisances, but as an inspector of nuisance authorities,” and any deviation from this principle “must on the one hand embarrass the central government with duties which it cannot properly discharge, and on the other hand hinder local authorities from acquiring a proper sense of their duties to the public.”

There is truth in both these ways of looking at the question, but they may be reconciled to some extent by treating local inspection as the ideal, and central inspection as the substitute with which we must put up until the ideal can be realized. The objections urged against local inspection are really objections to the present system of local sanitary administration. A body which cannot be trusted to repress nuisances is plainly unfit to exercise any independent sanitary functions. If a Board of Guardians or a Town Council will not proceed against a manufacturer for breaking the law, they are not likely to be very active against any other offender who happens to be rich or popular, or connected in any way with themselves. The complaints brought against the local sanitary authorities in rural districts are at bottom the same as those brought against the local sanitary authorities in manufacturing districts. They will not, it is said, proceed against owners of unwholesome cottages, because those owners are either themselves on the Board or have influence in elections to the Board. They will not check the pollution of wells or watercourses, because the adoption of any proper system of disposing of sewage would mean expense to the ratepayers. In manufacturing districts these same errors are reproduced on a larger scale. The sanitary authority will not proceed against the owners of works which give off noxious vapours, because they are men of wealth and position. They will not insist on the adoption of processes which may render these nuisances less profitable, because their constituents will thereby be impoverished. If the argument for central inspection be accepted as valid, it is hard to see where the application of it is to stop. The true theory of the functions of the central government is that of Mr. SIMON. It should act, not as an inspector of nuisances, but as an inspector of nuisance authorities. But the preaching of this doctrine must be accompanied by many temporary qualifications. The hearts of local authorities are as yet hard, and to commit the inspection of all

nuisances to their hands would at present be tantamount to allowing many nuisances to go uninspected. There are three points to which the attention of the Government and of Parliament should be constantly directed—the improvement of central inspection regarded as an inspection of nuisance authorities; the improvement of the nuisance authorities by better local organization; and the extension of temporary central inspection while this latter improvement is still unaccomplished.

#### COMMON-ROOM TALK.

AMONG the chance visitors to Oxford and Cambridge there are not a few who, as they are shown over each College, regard the Common Room with a feeling that almost approaches to awe. “Here,” they say to one another in a lowered voice, “here is the spot where generations of learned men have discussed the deepest parts of learning and the whole wisdom of the ancients. Their talk,” they add with an approving smile, “has been doubtless lightened by the generous port that freely circulated, and that prompted now a witty saying, and now a loyal toast. Generations of the wise, the learned, the loyal, have passed away, but others rise up to fill their places, and doubtless if we could be present to-night,” they whisper to each other, “we should have a rich treat in the conversation that we should hear.” They turn to the pictures that adorn the walls, and they find, perhaps, a Johnson or a Parr. The inscription will tell them that Johnson was in *hac camera communis frequens conviva*, and they may remember how he boasted that here he once drank three bottles of port without being the worse for it. The position of Parr’s fingers, though the tobacco-pipe which they once held has been painted out by order of the Fellows of some feebler generation, still shows that he too, as he talked, did not scorn the pleasures of the body. As they leave the room they cast one parting glance round it, and they go away firm in the thought that, if there is not every day to be found a Johnson or a Parr, yet here there are at least men in whose daily talk Johnson and Parr would have joined with pleasure.

One single evening passed in an ordinary Common Room would most certainly for ever dispel the illusion. The visitors might find learning, and they might find port wine; but they would soon discover that neither one nor the other circulated with any freedom. In fact, they would, we fear, have to own that, of all the dull society that is to be met with in town, or suburb, or country, there is scarcely any so hopelessly dull as is to be met with in many a Common Room. It is the society of a clique, and a very small clique, and in cliques what hope is there of liveliness? “There can,” to quote the words of Goldsmith, “be nothing new among the members, for they have travelled over each other’s minds.” And yet, when he said this, he was speaking of a club which contained not only himself, but Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, and Beauclerk. Johnson, indeed, at once fired up at this. “Sir, you have not travelled over my mind, I promise you.” But we are not all Johnsons, and the minds of most of us are soon travelled over. Men, however, who should spend their day in the endless variety of the great world, who should each have his own separate pursuit, and should then meet in the evening, might form a society that would not be wanting in liveliness. Each in the daytime would have come across a different set of people and a different set of circumstances. There would be anecdotes to relate and observations of men and manners to compare. But among the Fellows of a college there is next to nothing of this variety. Most of them have spent their mornings within the same narrow walls, engaged with the same set of students; and, when they have gone out for their afternoon walk, they have traversed a few miles of ground which is familiar to all of them alike. They cannot, as they walk, hope to find even those subjects of conversation which are gathered by a country parson in his daily round; for they pass cottage after cottage, and house after house, and know nothing of the course of love here and of death there; they never learn whether the squire’s daughter is going to be married, or whether old Betty will at last be carried off by her rheumatism. If they wish to season their fireside with personal talk, there is little for them to talk about but the undergraduates who are under their care, unless perchance the Head of the College and his family should now and then afford them some room for gossip. Each generation of undergraduates as it comes up has an appetite that can scarcely be satisfied for discussing the Fellows; but to those who have been long members of the Common Room the doings of the undergraduates are of but small interest. There is such a sameness in the follies of youth, at all events in the follies of the youth of a University, that to any one who has himself gone through them, and who has afterwards been a spectator of them for some years, they cease to be amusing and become utterly wearisome. Not a little might be done in the way of giving greater liveliness if some of the colleges were to join together and form associations of Common Rooms in much the same way as they have lately formed Associations for Lectures. If some eight or ten colleges were thus to unite, each of the associated Fellows would be able to secure for himself a much greater variety of company. He would belong, as it were, to a large number of clubs, and though each club was certainly but small and only too much like its neighbours, yet each would have to some extent a character of its own. It would be well, however, that the more



intellectual colleges, those in which the modern doctrine of Culture is more loudly preached, should not all unite. The result would be something very dreary and very dull. There are a few Common Rooms left in which the old traditions are still kept up, and port wine is still drunk. Culture and a strong tendency to biliousness too often go hand in hand together. So much indeed is this unhappily the case, that if at Oxford a visitor to the place were to go the round of the Common Rooms, he could almost tell by the liquor that was drunk the degree to which each college was given up to Culture. It is a melancholy fact that there are halls in that famous University where at dinner toast-and-water is almost pressed upon the unwilling guest by the butler, himself, no doubt, a victim to Culture and dyspepsia; and where, after dinner in the Common Room, nothing but the thinnest of clarets circulates. What a change from the days of that jovial proctor who, himself an Oxford man, looked forward to an old age which he should pass

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout humming liquor,  
And remnants of Latin to welcome the Vicar;  
With Monte-Fiascone, or Burgundy wine,  
To drink the King's health as oft as I dine.

There are few positions on earth more melancholy than that of some elderly Fellow who has outlived more than one generation, and who now finds himself left high and, in more senses than one, dry, among a set of young men who are given to Culture and the Endowment of Research. His lot, he feels, is peculiarly sad. How different, he sighs to think, was the case with the elderly men whom he had known when he first joined the Common Room! They met with all the respect that was due to age and experience. Their wisdom had been gathered in the flight of many long years, and when they pronounced their judgment over a new bin of port their utterances were listened to with profound respect. It now and then happens that some old Fellow, who has for the best part of half a century held some distant college living, comes up to visit his old haunts. He soon finds himself hopelessly bewildered by the talk of the Common Room, and he returns to his parsonage, for the first time in his life, a melancholy man. He had called to mind the cheerful evenings, which began early and went on late, when good old jests and good old wine went round, when bets were made on trifles, which were, however, carefully recorded in the Common-Room book, for the wager was in a dozen or so of wine for the common use. Their bets were often about somewhat distant events, perhaps as to which of two Fellows would be the first to get a living or a wife. But to them life seemed a matter of little uncertainty, and they never dreamt that the flight of time would ruin their stomachs or take away their need for sound port. They had nothing with which to reproach themselves. They had lectured from ten in the morning till one, and had carefully shown their respect for saints' days by giving their pupils a holiday. Young men, they thought, might be over-lectured as well as under-lectured, and when the hour of lunch had once come they were best left for the rest of the day to their own private reading. Besides, they felt that the afternoon was properly given up to that exercise by which an appetite is earned for dinner, and health is acquired to digest it without discomfort. *Mens sana in corpore sano* was their favourite and oft-repeated motto, and they knew that to secure both it was best to begin with attending to the body. Their life was an easy one. Their chief duty was to wait in patient expectation till a college living fell vacant and their turn came to fill it. But how different would be the set of men that our aged country parson would find now when he came up to visit his old college! The toast-and-water that was offered him at dinner must have struck him with a chill, but he may have brightened up with the thought of the Common Room. As he entered it and saw once more the wainscot lighted up by the blazing fire, the wax-candles set round the walls, the old-fashioned chairs placed in a half circle round the hearth, and the little tables, one for each pair of guests, with the wine and the desert set out on them, his spirits would begin to warm. But the glow would soon sink down into a chill. He would learn with dismay that the company would break up very shortly, as most of the Tutors had evening lectures; and he would be forced to allow, with something like a groan, that a man who had to lecture at eight could hardly begin to drink port at seven. He would think of the days when they used to fold their legs and have their talk out, and then finish with a rubber at whist, and he would doubt whether the good old system was not better for both undergraduates and tutors. He would observe that some of the men whom he saw around him were sadly overdone; and he would doubt whether a man who was half worked out could have the vigour of mind needed by one who would carry much weight with those young athletes, the undergraduates of these modern days. But, when he listened to the talk of those around him, his amazement would rise even a degree higher. In his day there had been no doubting known in an Oxford Common Room. There had been but one faith, and every Tory knew it. In the toast of Church and King that whole faith was contained. But now he would have to listen to the hesitating utterances of restless minds. He would find a set of young men gifted with such a wonderful spirit of fairness, and such an unusual power of seeing the rights of both sides of every question, that they could never come to any certain conclusion. The downright assertions of his day he would no longer hear. "It stands to reason," "That's flat," and "Any fool can see that," will be replaced by, "The practical upshot would seem to be," or, "I should be rather inclined to think that there may possibly be not a little to be said

on both sides." On one point, however, he would find that the company, at least the majority of it, was bigoted enough. Let him but once scoff at Culture, or at those competitive examinations by which Culture is both encouraged and measured, and he will see all the younger men in a moment rise in arms. He will find that they believe as firmly as even Mr. Lowe and Mr. Lingen that capacity can be exactly gauged by the examiner, and that they feel but little respect for any one who has not taken a first-class. He will hear, as we have heard, men gravely urge that honours-men alone should be allowed to stay at the University. Oxford, he will be told, is no fit place for a man who can only take a pass. He may point out, as we have before now ventured to point out, that there are hundreds of young men who, though they do not come out in honours, nevertheless derive great benefit from mixing for three years or so with men of their own age and of every variety of character. He will be told in a severe tone that a University is a place of learning, and not a mere club. Should he venture to insist on the endless differences that are to be found in men's dispositions and natural powers, should he venture to assert that some of the ablest men in the world could never have gained a class, he will be met with a silent smile of contempt. Should he be still more daring, and go on to maintain, as we have heard it maintained even in a Common Room, that quite as much ability is required to manage a large business or a great estate as to take high honours, he would be then set down as a hopeless lunatic. He might thereupon, in indignation and despair, fall back on the old argument of his youth, and offer to bet a dozen of port for the good of the Common Room that it could be proved beyond all doubt that Clive, Warren Hastings, and the Duke of Wellington would have been hopelessly plucked. He would be told that bets in a place of learning were only met with among the questions set in a mathematical examination, and that no one with any claim to Culture ever ventured on drinking port.

#### ALPINE DANGERS AND PRECAUTIONS.

THE correspondence between Professor Du Bois-Reymond and Professor Tyndall which has lately been published calls attention opportunely, and by no means too soon, to an element of danger in Alpine travelling which, though entirely within human control, has only too manifestly increased of late years. And we have had the usual denunciation of the "foolish pastime of Alpine climbing" from censors who, to judge of their qualifications by the evidence of their censures, can barely know one end of an ice-axe from the other. But it is idle to waste either surprise or correction on the blunders of critics whose utter ignorance of mountains and mountaineering stands self-exposed.

The danger we have referred to is neither more nor less than the undertaking of serious expeditions by persons who are not fit for them in physical condition or inexperience. Let us take the text, however, as it is given by Professor Du Bois-Reymond's letter. He writes to Professor Tyndall to tell him of an accident on the Monte Cevedale in which two guides and two travellers were lost; one of these, Dr. Carl Sachs, an assistant of Professor Du Bois-Reymond's, and a physiologist of great promise. The facts are stated as follows:—"The three travellers had two guides, and all five were tied together. The Cevedale does not seem to offer any serious difficulty except a quarter of an hour beneath the summit, where there is an ice slope of a short extent, which is inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, and forms the uppermost top of an enormous glacier. Here the accident happened. One of the guides was cutting steps when one of the travellers missed his footing"—and the whole party went down together. After they had fallen two thousand feet or more, one of the party, Dr. Salomon, "was caught by the leg in a small crevasse. His leg was broken twice; but at this juncture the rope snapped, Dr. Salomon was saved from death, and the four other unfortunate men went on in their awful journey among the crevasses and *séracs* and were killed." Professor Du Bois-Reymond then points out that, whereas the use of the rope affords ample protection "in travelling over a glacier of slight inclination at right angles with the crevasses," it gave and could give none in the present case. Where several men are roped together on a steep ice-slope, "the result always will be that if one of the men slips the whole party is lost." He goes on to suggest a plan of special precaution beyond the practice hitherto followed:—"The only safe manner to cross such places will be, that the two guides take over first one, then the other, then the third traveller, and so on; a slow process, to be sure, but certainly preferable to the loss of the whole party. Two stout guides, with even a nervous traveller between them, will always be able, either holding him by his hands or by the rope, to convey him safely over any place." The danger is perceived and stated with the accuracy of a man of science, but the proposed caution will hardly commend itself as absolutely sufficient to the experience of climbers. It is quite true that, if a slip occurs while the whole of a party is traversing an ice-slope, it is very difficult to see how any of them can escape. With good hold for limbs and axe, such as is afforded by firm rocks or plastic snow, not only two men can hold up one, but one man in a favourable position may be able to hold up two till they can find support for themselves. But on a slope of hard ice (whether exposed or covered with loose snow) where every step has to be really hewn with the axe, not merely scratched or scooped, there is no available point of resistance to

check a fall in its beginning. The surface offers nothing to hold by, and the axe cannot be driven in at a single stroke. Such a state of things may be called exceptional; but it is not so uncommon but that most travellers who have done a fair amount of climbing have seen more or less of it. And it must be remembered that it is a state which every snow-slope in the higher regions is capable of assuming under particular conditions of weather. No kind of work is more hard and anxious for the guides; and, if Professor Du Bois-Reymond means to say that "two stout guides, with even a nervous traveller between them," could and would take such a traveller in safety over an ice-slope of the greatest extent found in practice, we must demur to the statement as too sanguine. Step-cutting in hard ice may be, and often is, an affair of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the incident of getting across a couloir or the like. But the main attack on a slope which was expected to be snow of a convenient firmness may also assume this form, and last for hours; and in such a case "two stout guides," even with a traveller between them who can use his feet for himself, will have quite enough work on their hands. A special variety of this difficulty or danger is where hard ice is covered with snow just firm enough to make steps in, but not deep or firm enough to afford good holding against a fall. In such a place it may be a matter of delicate judgment whether to trust the snow or to dig it away and cut into the ice beneath.

Still, there is a considerable amount of truth in Professor Du Bois-Reymond's observations. There are certainly times, places, and circumstances where it is imprudent for two guides to go with three travellers, and not imprudent for them to go with one; we should be inclined, indeed, to say that, as a general rule, three or four on a rope is a better and safer number than five. When the party exceeds five, it is well (as Professor Tyndall notes in his reply) to break it up into distinct sections. Again, we think it is generally true, not only in especially dangerous places, but for all long and difficult expeditions, that the maximum of safety is ensured by a single traveller going with two guides. Among other reasons, the smaller a party is the faster it goes, and speed is to some extent an element of safety. A traveller and a guide may often go together with great satisfaction where it is practicable and prudent for fewer than three men to go at all; but this requires some little previous training on the traveller's part.

In fine, no absolute rule can be laid down for the proportion of guides to travellers, and Professor Tyndall's answer to the suggestion made by Professor Du Bois-Reymond was in substance the only possible one. He says:—"I entirely agree with you that where a steep ice-slope is to be crossed obliquely the proper plan would be to cross it with one traveller between two guides, and that cases may occur where it would be the bounden duty of the guides to adopt the exact method you propose. But I doubt the possibility of making the rule general. . . . The proper plan in places of acknowledged danger is to take the proper complement of guides, and on a slope like that which you describe to place each inexperienced man between two experienced ones. . . . Two guides and three inexperienced travellers is a wrong proportion." Professor Tyndall goes on to mention a recent accident on the Aletschhorn to a party made up in that proportion, which caused serious injury to one of the guides, and might well have been fatal. But he further says, and this is the most important point of all, that no plan of operations can do away with the need of constant attention throughout the expedition; "even with the best-planned arrangement, the least lapse of care on the part of either guides or travellers may cause disaster. . . . The Alps will doubtless continue to 'brand his nothingness into man,' and it is only by unflinching care on the part of both guides and travellers that Alpine disasters are to be diminished."

This is in truth the one thing needful, without which all other precautions may be vain. Care should be exercised, not only in the conduct of Alpine expeditions, but beforehand in making up parties for them, or, if the party is already fixed, in choosing expeditions fit for the strength and capacity of the travellers. As Professor Tyndall says, there exists "a dangerous reliance of the inexperienced man upon the power of his guide, whom he credits sometimes with superhuman strength and skill." It cannot be too clearly understood that guides, however strong and skilful, are mortal, and that their proper business is to lead men who can use their own limbs, not to drag and carry helpless bodies. It is an unfortunate fact, perhaps, that Mont Blanc, the highest and most commonly known of Alpine peaks, happens to be one which persons quite incompetent for real climbing can ascend with comparative ease and impunity. Such persons, and to some extent the public at large, come to imagine that one snow mountain is just like another, and that, because people can get themselves all but carried up Mont Blanc, it is a mere question of time and money to get the same thing done for them anywhere else. Tourists of this class have happily left Monte Rosa pretty much alone, the last part of the course visibly requiring steadiness of head. But they are already hankering after the Matterhorn on the strength of the worst places having been engineered; and fears have been expressed by men experienced in the Alps that the folly of such people may before long be the cause of another accident comparable to that of 1865. The truth is that none of the more difficult excursions can be undertaken with any assurance that some place may not occur where a slip would bring down the whole party. This being so, the only adequate precaution is for every member of the party to understand the importance of perfect care and steadiness, and to feel that he is as much bound over not to relax his vigilance as if

the safety of the company depended at every moment on himself alone. Untried men ought simply not to go; nor can abstinence from premature risks be any hardship to them. There are plenty of minor expeditions in which the necessary training can be acquired with reasonable security, and an apt learner will acquire it readily enough. But acquired it must be if he would not overstep the line between adventure and foolhardiness.

Another point of necessary warning brought out by this correspondence is that the rope is not a talisman. Its primary and most legitimate use is to guard against the otherwise unavoidable danger of concealed crevasses; and it is just on the broad snow-fields which look as if a child might run all over them that the need for it is most imperative. Nevertheless it is now the usage to keep the rope on in places where it can be of little use, or even where it increases the collective risk; and the usage is justified partly by convenience, but chiefly, as we think, by the moral confidence and sense of collective responsibility which are thus kept up. One thing to be unconditionally condemned is any slovenly or half-hearted employment of the rope; for example, roping a party two and two together, a thing which we have known to be done even by very good guides. Precautions are not to be trifled with; either they are not wanted at all, or they should be fully carried out.

It is proper to add that we do not mean to pass any judgment on the causes of the Cevadale accident of last month. The theory suggested by the letters of Professor Du Bois-Reymond and Professor Tyndall is that the three travellers had not such Alpine training as would have made it prudent for them to go with only two guides; and that, without any other special reason, an inexperienced man lost his footing on a slope of hard ice where it was impossible for any one to stop the fall once begun. But we do not think we are sufficiently in possession of all the circumstances to adopt this or any other explanation as a positive opinion. The general warnings must in any case be the same.

#### LAWN TENNIS PARTIES.

IT is a melancholy fact that English people are apt to be intensely bored with themselves on summer afternoons. They cannot spend the whole of every day in killing something, even after the twelfth of August; and, when they are neither slaying, eating, nor sleeping, the fever attacks them with great virulence. A visit to the stables, kitchen-garden, and hothouses can scarcely carry them beyond half-past eleven o'clock; the model farm, where there is one, will hardly serve to waste more than another couple of hours; and, as it is an article in the creed of a country gentleman that it is a sin to be indoors reading a book when the weather is fine without, there remain, after luncheon, on rainless afternoons some four or five hours more to be accounted for before preparations are begun for the great event of the day. In the country we are brought up to consider two occupations as comprising the whole duty of man. These are the destruction of life and playing at ball; and when we are deprived of the former resource, we have no choice left but the other. On days that we are neither hunting, shooting, nor fishing the only question which presents itself is, which game of ball shall we play at? Shall it be billiards, or cricket, or polo, or rackets, or lawn tennis? You may build the most gorgeous palaces and lay out splendid pleasure grounds; you may have a superabundance of carriages and horses, and provide the best of music, both by day and by night; you may offer your visitors the best of meats and drinks, gratify all their finer instincts and afford them unusual opportunities of mental culture; you may even have a Prime Minister, an archbishop, a monsignor, and a free-thinking contributor to a monthly magazine staying in your house, and yet your entertainments will give no pleasure whatever to the average Englishman unless you give him something to kill or a game at ball. If you have the money, it is easy to get terraces and picturesque walks laid out over many acres of land; but it is difficult to find guests whose powers of conversation are proportioned to the extent of your pleasure grounds; and it is easier to provide good music for your friends than to imbue them with the capacity of enjoying it. Offer nine-tenths of them a game with a ball, however, and you appeal to the innermost and tenderest feelings of their souls.

Just at the present time the most popular game of ball appears to be lawn tennis. As it is rather of the social aspects of this pastime than of the game itself that we wish to treat, we shall not enter into its intrinsic merits. Most people seem to be agreed that at-homes for lawn tennis bear very favourable comparison with at-homes for croquet, and the latter can scarcely be said any longer to exist. We have keen recollections of the agonies of certain afternoons devoted to the last-mentioned game. In the first place, there was no means of escaping from being pressed into playing. No professions of incapacity were of the least avail. One was only required "to make up the set." To refuse to play was held to be an offence combining all the deadly sins, and to go away before a game was finished was considered a transgression which human language could not adequately express. This may or may not have been true; but the practical result of such a code was that, once arrived at a croquet party, the chance of being able to return home in time for dinner was reduced to a minimum. Either husband or wife, guest or child, would in most cases be deeply implicated in a game when the carriage came round to take one's party home, and the etiquette



of croquet required that that carriage should at once be taken back to the stable-yard. This state of things led to the custom of giving nondescript meals at croquet parties, which were supposed to take the place of dinner. These consisted of cold collations at which the players could refresh themselves whenever their games happened to be finished. No doubt there was always plenty to be had at these mongrel banquets; but, although it was comparatively easy to reconcile the mind to such eccentric festivities, the less spiritual parts of the human frame refused altogether to recognize them. Most people are probably aware that when, through travelling or some other cause, the night cannot be spent in bed, it is an immense refreshment to undress completely, put on one's usual night attire, and lie for even half an hour between the sheets; and, much on the same principle, it is far better to eat a couple of mutton-chops as real dinner than to scramble through quantities of lobster salads, galantines, and mayonnaises at an irregular collation. Our souls are far less suspicious of imposition than our digestions, which, like dogs and children, are not easily deceived by specious appearances. The terrible repasts in question completely deranged the system, and during the croquet season one's digestive organs never seemed to know what o'clock it was. Therefore one's grosser instincts abhorred a croquet party, and, as they generally gain their point whenever they conceive a decided prejudice, croquet fell into disrepute.

Fortunately, just about the period at which that game was dethroned, about a dozen people at one and the same time, without any previous communication, invented another, which was then called "sphaeristike," but which is now known as lawn tennis. At least, they all said they did, and the furious correspondence which ensued between the rival inventors sufficiently advertised the game, and it became the fashion in a surprisingly short time. Socially speaking, its great merits were found to be that the games were short, and involved a considerable amount of physical exercise, so that much enjoyment might be derived from them even during the space of an ordinary morning call. It also proved to be admirably suited for garden parties, as from four o'clock till seven afforded ample time for as many games as any reasonable person could possibly wish for; indeed, three hours gave opportunities for several relays of visitors to play in turn at each court, and most people admitted that an occasional rest was rather welcome than otherwise. Lawn tennis parties, therefore, turned out to be entertainments to which you could come when you liked, and from which, still better, you could go away when you liked. The game also had the advantage of being an extremely pretty one, and even those who did not play were able to derive much pleasure from watching it. So much was this the case that even people who did not in the least understand its rules or objects were able to enjoy looking on at it. It was not surprising, therefore, that it soon became popular. If anything, its popularity advanced too rapidly to have much chance of permanence, and we fear that a game which is played at nearly every villa in England will soon be voted slow. Besides which, lawn tennis is neither wicked, expensive, nor unwholesome, and without one of these characteristics no amusement can long remain in favour in good society. Certainly it has lately become the custom to have a man at each court to pick up the balls and stand by the server with a basketful, which helps to render the amusement a little more costly, and the increasing fashion of laying down asphalt courts for use in the winter also gives opportunities for outlay; but for all that, it cannot be considered in itself expensive, and it is certainly neither wicked nor unwholesome. Nevertheless we think it may possibly hold its own, and although the present rage for it may soon begin to decline, it will probably be a favourite occupation for odd half-hours at country houses for many years to come. One of its great advantages is that it is not a game that gratuitously provokes the temper. When a player misses a ball he may for the moment feel angry with himself, but self-forgiveness is very easily obtained. It was far otherwise at croquet, for when we used to see our adversary help himself through all the hoops off our ball, and then croquet it to the furthest end of the lawn, we did not forgive him so readily. As a game for garden parties, lawn tennis has this advantage, that the exercise and excitement which it entails have a tendency to make people forget themselves, and at once become less stiff and shy. Self-recollection is a point on which the memory of the average Briton is singularly retentive, and he generally arrives at a garden party armed to the teeth with nervous egotism; an occupation, therefore, which divests him of this metaphorical coat of mail is a social benefit. If he plays for more than a quarter of an hour on a hot afternoon, he will find it expedient to substitute cricketing flannels for his ordinary attire, and to be thus disrobed seems to have a humanizing effect upon the conventional savage.

As at croquet, so at lawn tennis, clergymen are great proficient. Where lawn tennis is, there will the curates be gathered together. We have never yet had the privilege of seeing the "dear Dissenting brother" handle a racket, but we have known Roman Catholic priests who could give points to the curate. The war paint of the clergy when prepared for this game is striking, if not harmonious. A pair of yellow shoes, black trousers, a grey flannel shirt, a white dog collar, and a black felt wideawake, form a combination of colour which brings the heated clerical visage into prominent relief. Some bold parsons appear in white cricketing flannels, and very nice they look; better, indeed, than certain dignified rectors who play in loose grey coats of that peculiar flimsy and un-

pleasant material which is, we believe, manufactured expressly to combine ready evaporation with the due maintenance of ecclesiastical dignity. There is, at most rural rectories, a lawn suitable for this game, and we have known parties invited to such houses for "Evensong, tea, and lawn tennis." At these scenes of edification, refreshment, and amusement, the rules of the game were rigidly carried out, and if a player accidentally sent a ball into the churchyard instead of his adversaries' court, he never ventured on unseemly ejaculations.

Lawn tennis parties are usually inexpensive entertainments, as the refreshments required need only be of the very lightest description. Judicious hostesses make frequent use of them, rather than dinner parties, as mediums of hospitality for bores and nobodies. Generally speaking, a lawn tennis party is less tedious than a country dinner party, so perhaps it is as well to be a bore or a nobody. Like all other entertainments, much of their success depends upon judicious management. A common mistake is to have the tea, fruit, &c., laid out upon a long dining-room table. A far better plan is to arrange several small tables, with fruit and light refreshments, in different places, and to have tea and coffee carried about. The solemn feelings conveyed to the mind by being led up to a table twenty feet long in order to take one solitary little cup of five o'clock tea are provocative of silence, and recall memories of funeral breakfasts. One great secret in the successful management of lawn tennis parties is to have plenty of garden seats, placed chiefly in pairs, each pair being out of ear-shot of the others. Garden chairs are better than heavy seats, which are supposed to hold four people, but which in reality only accommodate three with any comfort. However, place your chairs as you may, you will find that people will never sit where they are intended to sit; so it is as well to be prepared for this disappointment. Unluckily, it not unfrequently happens that after the most judicious arrangements have been carried out, and when everything is complete and ready, a determined downpour of rain comes to spoil everything. A party which would have had ample room in the gardens and pleasure grounds crowds sitting-rooms terribly, especially when they have not been arranged, as in the case of a ball, to accommodate large numbers. They are soon filled with a surging mass of damp visitors, whose feet are muddy and whose tempers are put out of gear. Instead of being a well-arranged lawn tennis party, the entertainment degenerates into a scrambling tea. The guests wish they had stayed at home, a sentiment in which their host and hostess heartily concur. A more complete fiasco could scarcely be imagined, and the nets and courts arranged within sight of the windows add a bitter mockery to the wretched scene. However, such ill-luck does not always happen, and, take them all in all, in good weather and bad, lawn tennis parties are not so objectionable as many of the entertainments which help to make life miserable.

#### THE TOWN RECORDS OF BARNSTAPLE.

THE action of the Commission on Historical Manuscripts has been so far unsystematic that the treasures of no one county or district have been examined in regular order. Thus, while full attention has been given to the valuable family papers of the Pine Coffins at Portledge, the records of the neighbouring town of Barnstaple are as yet undescribed, and no servant of the Royal Commission has hitherto noticed them. The Barnstaple records, however, are at least as important as those of Totnes, which are fully described in the Third Report of the Commission, and they are deficient neither in number nor in interest. Barnstaple has figured so conspicuously in various constitutional histories, the claims set forth by the borough have been discussed at so much length and gravity by writers like Lord Lyttelton, Sharon Turner, and Hallam, that, little as we may now think of Parliamentary "rights bestowed by Athelstan," we cannot turn to the records of the venerable borough without a good deal of interest and curiosity. It is indeed fortunate that any records have survived the entire neglect and indifference with which they were treated until quite recently. Five or six long "coffers" of oak stood in the old Guildhall of Barnstaple, in a chamber which also contained the "parish armour"—the jacks and brown bills which had done duty at the time of the Armada and in the Civil Wars of the next century. The coffers, on each of which were five massive "hasps"—showing, at any rate, that the contents were once deemed worthy of protection—were full of papers, for which no one seems to have cared except a certain Benjamin Incedon, who was elected Recorder of the borough in 1758. He was a sound antiquary and a man of considerable learning. Many of the most important documents were copied by or for him, and the copies remain. Some of the originals have disappeared; and other Barnstaple papers, not copied by Mr. Incedon, are now in the great collection formed by the late Sir Thomas Phillipps. In what manner they disappeared, or how they found their way out of the borough, is not very evident; for we cannot venture to pronounce that Recorder Incedon was the culprit with anything like the certainty assumed by Mr. Oldbuck when he denounced his brother-antiquary MacCribb as the purloiner of one of his Syrian medals. However this may be, the coffers remained open to all kinds of spoliation until the Guildhall was pulled down some fifty years since, when they were removed to an outhouse in a garden belonging to one of the town officials. The MacCribbs who found

them there were of a different order from the learned, and perhaps unscrupulous, Incedon. They were the servants of the household, who had carried off a great part of the contents, and had used them for lighting fires, before the chests happily attracted the notice of Mr. John Roberts Chanter, to whom the town of Barnstaple is not a little indebted for the zeal and attention which he has devoted to its history. At his instance the coffers were taken to the present Guildhall, and the contents were examined. There remained, in spite of all misadventures, a very large collection of documents. Those above were in tolerable condition, but the bottom of each chest, which had been exposed to damp ground and probably to undue pressure, was a mass of broken parchment, smashed seals, and what can only be called *papier-mâché*. Nothing of this could be preserved. As the mass dried it pulverized, and so perished altogether. All the surviving papers and documents have been carefully arranged, and disposed in bundles according to the principal subjects. Fifteen volumes of "Corporation Records" have been strongly bound, and the documents they contain have, where necessary, been repaired and "inlaid" by skilful hands. In short, the town records of Barnstaple are now quite ready for some competent explorer who will go through them patiently, and report, through the Historical Commission, on the nature and value of their contents. We can only indicate, very briefly, how full of promise they seem to be.

The earliest charters granted to the borough have not been preserved in the originals. But there are later "Insuperimus" charters, and notably one of 1438 (16th Hen. VI.), in which some of the former charters are recorded at length. Among these occurs a charter of Henry III., very full and suggestive; but in which, as might have been expected, no mention is made of "glorious Athelstan," or of his gifts or grants to Barnstaple. For the history of the claims made by the burgesses in the eighteenth year of Edward III., when they set forth that, in accordance with Athelstan's charter, "they had ever since exercised the right of sending two burgesses to Parliament," we may refer to Willis's *Notitia*, and to Hallam. All the documents relating to it are not to be found among the town records; but there is an original report of the inquisition held at Torrington (or "Chepyng Toriton," as the place is called in the report) in 1344, immediately after the first preferment of the claim. The men of Barnstaple admitted that Athelstan's charter had long been lost; and although one report was made in their favour, the decision was finally reversed. Now, of course, we know that the claim was preposterous, and Willis's suggestion that it was made for the sake of weakening the jurisdiction of their lord (Lord Audley was at that time the lord of castle and manor), probably hits the truth. But it is curious to find the name of Athelstan occurring so often in the traditions of Barnstaple and its neighbourhood. He lived, we are told, for some time at Umberleigh, in the valley of the Taw, and certainly the beauty of the wooded country there might justify his choice. And during his stay at Umberleigh, after he had expelled the Britons from Exeter, he repaired the walls of ancient Barum, rebuilt the castle, and bestowed his special favour on the town. It was at this time, too, that he founded the Priory of Pilton, close to Barnstaple; and that the Priory looked to him as its founder is proved by its mediæval seal, which bears the figure of a king, with the legend "*Hoc Athelstanus ago quod presens signat Imago*." All this may perhaps be referred to the half-mythic character which was gradually assigned to Athelstan in popular tradition, and which induced men to look back towards his time as to a golden age of prosperity and happiness. Such a feeling, lingering at Barnstaple as elsewhere in England, may have led the burgesses, or their advisers, to put into definite form the floating traditions of the place, half believed, but entirely unsupported by anything beyond hearsay evidence.

The earliest existing document is a deed of 1261; and from that time we have papers of various descriptions down to the middle of the last century. In the older grants and charters the town is variously named. The form "*Barum*," which gave rise to so long a discussion in the first series of *Notes and Queries*, occurs but seldom. Contractions of "*Bardenstaple*," or "*Barnstaple*," are by far the most frequent; and in one place we get the sounding title of "*Bardenestapolis*," which carries us straight away to Byzantine territory. Local names, however, in mediæval documents are apt to assume singular forms; and in one at least of the Barnstaple papers the personal names are so unusual as to suggest some special distinction either of race, or, what is more probable, of local pronunciation. These names are distinguished by an ending in *a*; and they occur chiefly in a list (not dated, but possibly of the time of Edward III.) of members belonging to a guild of St. Nicholas. We have Thomas Lelya, Mayor; Giordan Drua, Gencian Birna, Swytta, Busla, and several of like character. In this list we also make acquaintance with William "Peticonseil," who, we may hope, did not intrude his advice too frequently on his fellow-townsmen; and twice we have the name of Symeon Schakespē (we give it as written), which is noticeable as occurring so far west.

A parchment roll, which may belong to the first years of the fourteenth century, contains a list of persons possessing weapons or contributing them to some common store. The poleaxe is most frequently named, and the value of each is carefully entered. No series of letters, like those of John Shillingford, the patriotic Mayor of Exeter, has been found in the Barnstaple coffers; but the records of proceedings in the local courts are quite as interesting

as those of Exeter, and quite as early. The first by-laws for the government of the town are dated in 1423, and are in Latin. A second by-law, in English, covers an enormous sheet of parchment, and dates from 1585; and a third, also in English, was set forth in 1690. All these are very minute in their details, and refer to every possible jurisdiction, office, and misdemeanour. In fact, the extreme independence of the borough after it had freed itself from the feudal control of its lords is very remarkable. It seems to have been almost a law to itself, and to have ordered or controlled at its own pleasure. The watch over "tipplers," "vagabonds," and "rogues" of all sorts was very severe. The names of all tipplers were returned at regular intervals; but it does not appear that the Corporation was averse to a judicious "drynkyng" on proper occasions. We find frequent entries of "burnt sacke" and "burnt clarett"; and there is mention of "29 bottels of sacke and five bottels of Canara drank on the rejoicing day for the Prince of Orange's marriage—cost 8s. 8d." When we call to mind the "marvellous searching" qualities of "Canaries," as set forth by Dame Quickly, we can only hope that they who bore the rod did not on this and similar occasions present an unedifying example to tipplers of the more humble sort. In other respects they were, outwardly at least, an austere generation. One Thomas Bowen, who "on the 9th day of June did profanely curse six several times," was punished with becoming severity. From these later accounts (they belong to the year 1677) it appears that Barnstaple presented the "Duke of Albemarle" with a gilt box—apparently on his becoming High Steward of the town. The birth-place and the old family estate of Monk lay at no great distance from Barnstaple, and his appearance in the West was always the signal for much consumption of "Canaries."

The Barnstaple familiar to the Duke of Albemarle was still, though in a shattered condition, the Barnstaple of the Civil Wars. Lady Fanshawe, who visited it in the course of her many wanderings, pronounces it to be "one of the finest towns in England," though the people were malicious and spiteful, "as most use to be so far from London." The town itself was then confined to the angle at which the little river Yeo joins the Taw. The castle, of which the mound or "motte" only remains, occupied the extreme point of the angle, and the whole town was strongly walled. Clarendon, writing to Prince Rupert from Bath (May 27, 1645), says, "In truth, though I expected very much from Barnstaple, it far exceeded even that expectation; and, considering all circumstances, is the most miraculously fortified place that I know, and, I am confident, is the best provided to receive an enemy, especially as a magazine of victuals, of any town in England." The "miraculous" fortifications did not consist of the town walls alone. The place itself is strongly protected by nature, since it stands on a promontory, sloping from the north, between broad, and in the seventeenth century impassable, marsh lands. On the neck of the promontory a strong, star-shaped fort was constructed, the outlines of which are still distinctly visible. It covered all approach to the town from the land side, and looked far out over the windings of the river to the sea and the distant cliffs of Lundy. A place so well protected, and so well open to the coast, was, in Clarendon's words, very "convenient" for the residence of Prince Charles, who was here for about two months in 1646. Tradition points out a house in the High Street as that in which he lived, and where, we are told, "he gave himself his usual license of drinking."

The records of Barnstaple are perhaps more interesting than the town itself in its modernized condition. The present Guildhall contains a series of portraits—thirty-one in number—representing the "Corporators" of the borough in 1738, and painted by Hudson. Ruñicund and portly, the appearance of these gentlemen suggests that the consumption of "burnt clarett" was still considerable when the members for Barnstaple, Sir John Chichester and Mr. Theophilus Fortescue, presented the town with these curious memorials. It was indeed affirmed at one time that the Corporation were allowed to choose whether they would have their portraits painted, or that the river Taw should be made navigable for larger vessels; but this has been proved to be an invention of the enemy. There is a tradition that Reynolds, at that time a pupil of Hudson's, assisted in the disposal and painting of the draperies. The churches of Barnstaple are of no great interest, but the records contain a large number of documents relating to chapels and chantries in and near the town, some of which are important. There was a chapel at the foot of the "long bridge," which seems to have been founded by Sir William Tracy, one of the murderers of Becket, as a penitential offering. The bridge itself is of later date; but there was an ancient ford or crossing-place in the same situation, so that the chapel rose at a point where travellers would naturally halt for a few moments. Among the more curious papers is a list of plate and church furniture sold by the Commissioners in 1552, the year in which all chantries were suppressed. Six chalices and three patens of silver were then valued at 24*l*. We are told, too, that "Sir John Chichester, Kt., pulled down the palme crosse & caryed away the stones, iron, and led, to the valewe of 2*l*."

Besides the town records, a number of small manuscript books were found in the chests, one of which (circa 1340) contains a copy of Seneca's *Morals*. There were also some proclamations—one "for the restraint of killing, dressing, and eating of flesh in Lent or on fish daies"—without date, but apparently Elizabethan; and one, early in the reign of Charles I., "for the better ordering of those who repaire to the Court for their cure of the disease



called the King's evil." Both Charles I. and Charles II. "touched for the evil" in St. Andrew's Church at Plymouth, where a throne with a canopy was erected in the chancel.

We must repeat that the Barnstaple records call for, and will repay, a full examination. They contain much of course which is only of local interest; but many of the papers are important in a much wider sense; and until they have been thoroughly explored, it is impossible to say how much light may be thrown by their contents on the early history and development of municipal institutions.

#### FRENCH SPORTSMEN.

WE are inclined to believe that the popular theory which makes the French less of a sporting nation than the English is a popular delusion. Frenchmen have no doubt fewer opportunities of sport, especially so far as shooting is concerned, thanks to the extreme subdivision of the land, and the easy, democratic looseness of the game-laws. It is only comparatively lately that they have taken to the turf, simply because the idea of it had scarcely occurred to them. But, now that they are imitating our English habits, in their fervid zeal and impulsive enthusiasm they go far in advance of their more phlegmatic models. An Englishman takes things very much as they come; a Frenchman throws himself into his part with a fervour that ought assuredly to command success. Breakfast in one of the hotels at Newmarket or Doncaster on the eventful morning of the Cesarewitch or the "Sellinger," and you will see men in garb of a decidedly sporting cut laying their heads together over the tables; but, except for the faint echo of some whisper here and there, you could hardly tell the subject of their conversation. They might be comparing notes as to the quality of their steaks and chops, while they are really laying and taking the odds for thousands. But, should you have been sleeping in a French hotel on the eve of a race meeting, there can be no question as to what is going forward about you. The gentlemen who crowd to the morning table-d'hôte are attired in garments of the most fantastically horsey fashions—in Newmarket cutaways of Lincoln green that remind you of the plates in antiquated sporting novels, in corduroy continuations sitting close to the limbs, and in broad-folded cream-coloured scarfs secured by Brobdingnagian horseshoes. You recognize the masterpieces of the fashions that have attracted you in windows on the Boulevards, and not a few of these have been improved upon by the genius of provincial tailors. Happily for the patrons of the turf in France, the settlement of their costumier's bill and of their travelling expenses are the worst indiscretions into which most of them are betrayed. They may have monogrammed ivory-bound books and metallic pencils, but the pages of these volumes are for the most part virgin. We do not say that the epidemic of betting is not spreading in France as on this side of the Channel, but as yet it has made comparatively little progress. On the other hand we have the illustration of the old proverb reversed, and if there is little wool in the breakfast-room there is a great deal of cry. Every man in it is not only talking, but positively shouting horseflesh; and with a characteristic absence of *mauvaise honte*, considering how innocent they all are in the matter. Each of them directs his conversation by preference to a friend or acquaintance some half-dozen seats away, so that he may have an opportunity of ventilating his wisdom in public. Yet at the same time they show much of that superstitious reverence which so often goes hand in hand with ignorance. A hush will fall on the vociferous groups at the appearance of an English jockey within earshot, although he knows nothing whatever of their tongue; and for once the English betting man finds himself regarded with some semblance of respect. So it is with the French shooter at the beginning of the season. He awaits with intense impatience the official announcement of the opening day, although aware that it may be more than a toss-up whether he kills anything when it does come; and he is ready to provoke an *émeute* in his department should the authorities unduly delay it. Taking time by the forelock many a week before, he has scrupulously seen to his gun and his cartridges, and he has had many a talk with his cronies of the *café* over the prospects of the season. On the eve of the momentous day he is all agog in a tremor of excitement, which has so effectually banished sleep from his pillow that he is eager to take the field with the larks and the swallows.

We have been led into this train of thought by a glance at last Monday's number of the *Figaro*. The previous Sunday had been fixed for the opening day, and M. Marx, a well-known contributor to that journal, relates his adventures for the benefit of its readers. We will say for the *Figaro's* accomplished contributor that he does not dilate upon his actual shooting experiences at any tedious length. He merely intimates incidentally that he did kill certain partridges, and he modestly shares the merit of his success with the faithful dog who followed him to the field and the breech-loader whose maker he duly advertises. Yet there is a certain significance in his simple story, since it not only illustrates the spirit of enthusiasm we have spoken of, but shows that those good old-fashioned shooting practices which have altogether gone out of date with us are still in favour with our neighbours over the Channel. The shooting contributor to one of the leading London dailies would have written, as a matter of course, of the sport on some manor where everything was done according to the rules. To

have talked of a quiet day over dogs would have been going back at a leap to the times of our fathers; and indeed he must have telegraphed the events of such a day from some out-of-the-way county in the North or beyond the Border. He would have written of guns marching in line through stubbles and turnip-fields of unmanageable dimensions, with retrievers following at the heels of the party, as the shortest means of securing the wounded. When the bag came to be counted up, after infinite grumbling at the scarcity of coveys, at the excess of barren birds, and the profusion of "squeakers," nothing short of thirty to sixty brace would have satisfied him. The worthy Parisians expect nothing of the kind; they know that the department of the Seine and Marne is not situated anywhere in Fairyland. Neither trouble nor expense is grudged in preserving on such superb domains as Compiègne or Ferrières; but, as a rule, anywhere within reach of Paris the shooting slips down between the two stools of the stealthy poacher and the small proprietor. The Parisian *badaud* is quite content to have a cheerful day on the plain of St. Denis, among scores or hundreds of rivals who are jealously quartering the ground. M. Marx, who writes for the *Cercles* and the boulevards, was lucky enough to get the run of a farm. Unfortunately for him, the farm seems to have been somewhat out of the way, and he had to fall back on the rough hospitality of its occupants. His fate was worse than he had any cause to expect, for he found the family of the farmer in an agony of grief over a mare who had over-eaten herself in a field of lucerne. Probably their visitor would have slept but little in any case; as it was, he had to dispense with sleep altogether. Naturally he turned out with the earliest dawn, and subsequently, to his disgust, when he came home at night he found nothing but eggs and onions to fall back upon. *A la guerre comme à la guerre*; and the rough quarters and the meagre meal, where the piece of resistance was one of his own fresh-killed partridges, only made the brief outing more enjoyable to the hardy Parisian *chasseur*. As we said, he is discreetly silent as to the number of birds he bagged. But it is impossible to conceive any ordinary English sportsman thinking it worth while to go through so much for so little; and no Englishman would have dreamed that such modest exploits were worthy of being retailed for the delectation of his countrymen.

We know nothing, of course, of M. Marx's shooting capabilities, but we do not feel in the slightest degree inclined to smile at him. There are sportsmen and sportsmen in France as elsewhere, as there are dogs and dogs; but the fact is that the shooting system on the other side of the Channel has more of real sport in it than that which has come into fashion with us. In England, where the game is preserved with all manner of artificial appliances, and where the shooters sweep along the fields in September in more or less serried lines, you leave science out of the question altogether. Everything must depend on the guns and the shooting; and that man is the king of the day who shoots most coolly and steadily. Those good old traditions have long ago been exploded of days when the master and his men took a pride in the dogs they had broken, and delighted in seeing them doing their work. Then, instead of sending the watchers round in the morning to drive the birds from their lurking places into the turnips, you had to study for yourself where you were likely to find them, carefully marking the set of the wind. That is what our French friends have to do nowadays, according to their lights. We may laugh at the sleek, well-conditioned citizen who shows in his hard-breathing and corpulent frame the signs of his sedentary self-indulgence in restaurants and cafés, when he gets himself up in gaiters and a many-tasselled game-bag, with a brilliant suit of the McWhirter tartan. You may fancy that his over-fed dog, a queer cross between a lurcher and a setter, is in every respect a suitable companion for him. The man feels his too solid flesh in process of melting as he gives himself up to a series of unwonted gymnastics in scrambling over the fences under a glaring sun; and he is apt to leave shreds of his gorgeous tartan sticking in the tight gaps of the hedges. The dog puffs and pants even more than his master, and habitually potters in most irritating fashion, except at the very moment when he ought to be silent and down-charge. Then at the rare phenomenon of a fallen piece of game he is hurried out of his indolent self-control, and is apt to scatter the feathers and swallow the body in place of depositing it at the feet of the sportsman. But man and dog are at least bringing their limited intelligence to bear upon the business of filling the bag. Like the Red Indian who shoots for subsistence in the boundless hunting grounds of the Western wilderness, they must study the "sign" and the habits of the game, if they hope to do anything at all. For in these days the game is nearly as scarce in the great American prairies as among the vines and wheatfields of France. And in the one case as in the other, everything is fish that comes to net. The red man after days of fruitless hunting at last sees a deer, and makes a stalk upon it. Should even his steady nerves tremble a little, it is no wonder, for a miss may mean short commons if not starvation; and if the deer escapes him, he falls back upon the prairie dog. So the French gunner may well be shaken out of his composure should a covey of partridges rise whirling around him. It is an opportunity of distinguishing himself such as he never had hoped for; should he let slip the brilliant chance, the birds will be gone from him for ever; and if he drop two of them, or even one, it redounds very greatly to his credit. But should he have a brace of partridges to pick up, he is elevated at once into the seventh heaven: and his hound participates in his elation, as is shown by his joyous yelps. Failing partridges or hares, which are neces-

sarily scarce, he is perfectly satisfied with fieldfares or thrushes. And, waiving the sin of exterminating singing-birds, we do not see why he should not make himself happy in his own simple way. From the purely gastronomic point of view, there are few birds from the hedgerows which do not make excellent *pâtés* and *rôtis*; and, so far as sport is concerned, it is a mere matter of prejudice what is game and what is not. The most experienced of Scotch shots takes almost as much pride in stalking a wild goose as in stalking a red deer, the bird being unquestionably more wary than the quadruped, while in many districts of the North it is very much more of a rarity. We have dwelt chiefly on that popular aspect of foreign shooting which lends itself with more or less fitness to caricature. But, seriously, there are many gentlemen abroad who could give valuable "wrinkles" to their English brethren; while in point of dog-breeding and dog-breaking there can be very little doubt that there are not a few Frenchmen and Belgians who are very decidedly our superiors.

#### AN EX-PRIEST ON CATHOLIC MORALITY.

A CURIOUS paper has recently appeared in a Wesleyan organ by an "ex-Roman Catholic Priest," under the title of "Neo-Catholicism and Morality." It contains undoubtedly some interesting reflections, though not much which has not been said over and over again before by Protestant critics of every form of "Catholicism." But in their mouths the criticism is throughout intelligible and consistent. There can be no mistake as to what they are assailing, or what is the main object of their contention. We may or may not agree with them, but we understand clearly that they are—as was once curiously remarked by a cathedral vergier in describing the sermon of a preacher noted for his anti-Roman zeal—"a giving of it to the Pope," and that to them Popery includes whatever does not come within the purview of Exeter Hall theology. The precise aim of the "ex-Priest" is not equally obvious. And the title of his paper, as well as the organ he has selected for its publication, tends rather to complicate than to clear up our apprehension of his drift. "Neo-Catholicism" is a term which requires definition, and an ex-Roman Catholic Priest who makes a Wesleyan magazine the medium of his communications may be supposed *prima facie* to have abjured something more than the "Roman" specialities of his former creed. The internal evidence seems strongly to confirm this supposition, and so far as we can gather from it any idea of what is intended by Neo-Catholicism, it appears to include a good deal which the term without its novel prefix is commonly understood to denote. Yet the writer pointedly disclaims in more than one passage the desire of "expressing any opinion on the points of faith or controversy existing among Protestants, Anglicans, and Orthodox Greeks," and wishes to confine himself to "dogmatic or practical developments peculiar to Neo-Catholicism." What he has actually done is to insist chiefly on certain developments of popular Ultramontanism, which however, if we rightly apprehend him, are treated as the direct and necessary result of principles most of which "Anglicans and Orthodox Greeks," and some of which "orthodox Protestants" also hold in common. The value of his criticisms, whatever it be, would be materially increased by a more precise circumscription of the sphere within which they are intended to apply.

We have first a survey of mediæval Catholicism, as it had existed "in splendid darkness for nine hundred years" before the Reformation, and the description is not a flattering one; "her" (Rome's) "religion a polity amongst the rulers, a materialism amongst the ruled; her pastors, merchants of souls; the aureole of her Madonna eclipsing the Light of God; her shops for the sale of passports into her heaven, into which everything paid for could enter, except independence and humanity." This, we are told, is what Luther revolted against. Be it so; but the system which in Luther's time had already existed "for nine hundred years" can hardly be designated three centuries after him as "Neo-Catholicism." The ex-Priest proceeds, however, to describe it as such in language sufficiently incisive:—

Neo-Catholicism proclaims a principle utterly opposed to that of Luther. The conscience under Neo-Catholicism has only one function: it has solely to ask, "What is ordered?" The Neo-Catholic may have perchance to appeal from Confessor to Director, from Director to Bishop, from Bishop to Pope; but there the appeal ends. He has only one fact to discover, one question to solve: "Is such an act or opinion really approved by the Papacy?" *Et causa finita est.*

The special point of the indictment here is that conscience and intelligence are superseded by a judge "solely external," who is also final and supreme. And we are warned by the ex-Priest that those who only theorize on such matters cannot understand the intolerable burden thus imposed on the individual conscience. For the authority is not only external and arbitrary, not only does it supersede all moral freedom, but it is itself undeserving of any moral respect:—

Those who only theorize on these matters do not and cannot realize the bewilderment to the individual when he discovers that the external authority, instead of being the Shekinah of the Invisible God, is merely, when traced a little higher, the egotistic policy of an avaricious statesman trading for power in the name of Christ. To the honest man the authority has perished.

Here we must pause to interpose two obvious comments. In the first place, a very moderate acquaintance with Church history would have taught the ex-Priest that the system of abject sub-

mission which he denounces is very far from representing the actual condition of the mediæval Church. His picture is, to say the least, overdrawn and inadequate. There was an energetic, often a turbulent, life at work under the surface, which Rome may have watched with jealousy, but entirely failed to suppress. And if it be replied that this is anyhow the condition of the post-Reformation or of the modern Church, we must again observe, first, that the line, wherever it is meant to be drawn, should be much more clearly defined, and secondly that the action of the Curia, even in recent times, and under Jesuit guidance, cannot fairly be described as simply "the egotistic policy of an avaricious statesman trading for power in the name of Christ." That is one side of the picture no doubt, but not the only one. The Jesuit policy, which is what the writer seems to have chiefly in view, has always been, if not an avaricious, an ambitious one, intent on seeking power. But the question on which it would be interesting to receive some authentic information from an ex-Priest—not, we presume, himself an ex-Jesuit—is how far this system of Loyola is necessarily bound up with the religious life and discipline of the Roman Catholic Church; and on that point we are left to desiderate further guidance. Our informant, so to say, blows hot and cold. He describes the system as "Neo-Catholicism," but he also traces it back through twelve centuries, without giving any hint of a break anywhere, and a fresh point of departure.

His next point, which is of course one of the most familiar commonplaces of all anti-Popery controversialists, is the confessional; and we observe that he treats it exclusively in connexion with women, as though men had nothing to do with the ordinance, and almost exclusively under the aspect of "direction"—which is, we believe, in the main a modern adjunct of the ordinance, and one for the introduction and fostering of which the Jesuits are mainly responsible. But here again we are left in the same uncertainty as to whether the "sacrament of penance" itself, or only these special applications of it, are intended to be assailed. A great deal might probably be said against the latter from a perfectly "orthodox" point of view, Anglican, Roman, or Greek; but the ordinance itself is an integral part of the Greek, just as much as of the Roman Catholic religious system, and is more or less recognized both in theory and practice among Anglicans. Yet we have long and eloquent passages—too long to be quoted here—where the results of "the Roman Catholic system," identical apparently with the "Neo-Catholic" system, are traced up to "the dogma on which it rests." This dogma turns out to be that of original sin and redemption, which is the common belief of "Protestants, Anglicans, and orthodox Greeks" also; and the application of it through sacraments is common at least to the two latter, who would find little to criticize in the following passage, apart from the final paragraph:—

To those on earth the supernatural life is imparted by Baptism, is strengthened by Confirmation, is nourished by the Eucharist, is weakened by venial sin, is destroyed by mortal sin, is restored by the absolution given after confession, in the sacrament of Penance; is in death's agony fortified by Extreme Unction; is in the purgatory due to venial sin or to mortal sin not fully atoned for, relieved by Papal indulgences, by charitable prayers, by alms, by the sacrifice of the Mass.

Here again we should like to ask whether the whole system of "direction," and "the spirit of a foreign Jesuit college, with its spying, humiliations, tell-taling, un-English, unmanly fashions," are or are not the natural or necessary result of the sacramental system, and even of "the dogma" of original sin and redemption on which it is said to rest. If they are, the ex-Priest should plainly tell us so, and direct his assault, not against the accidents but the essence of the system he so emphatically condemns. It is true that by doing so he might lose the support of many who will be disposed more or less heartily to sympathize with his denunciations of particular details of belief or practice which they disapprove; but we should then at least know where to find him, and moreover it is waste of labour to pluck off the flowers while the poisonous root is left untouched. If, on the other hand, the poison is to be found in the Neo-Catholic developments only, and not in the dogma from which they spring, the line should be more accurately drawn. Confession may be an excellent thing, and "direction" a very bad thing; sacraments may be a genuine part of the Christian revelation, and the Roman application of them a grievous abuse; but for any practical purpose it is essential to distinguish between the good and the bad, the use and the abuse. To hit all round and then explain that you only wish to strike at abuses is neither a logical nor a profitable procedure.

We had occasion not long ago, in noticing a pamphlet of Mr. Petre's—a Roman, not ex-Roman Catholic priest—to point out the strange exhibitions of that "spying spirit of a foreign Jesuit College" which he, like the present writer, so sharply criticizes. Mr. Petre of course considers these peculiarities a kind of fungus growth, having no natural or proper relation to the Roman Catholic system as such. That is a perfectly intelligible and arguable view, and we should be glad to see it worked out by some competent hand, whether of a Priest or an ex-Priest. It is also an intelligible view that the "Neo-Catholic" abuse is merely the normal and proper development of the Catholic tradition on which it is professedly based. And this we suspect to be the real view of the present writer. But if so he would do well to speak out more plainly. Whether indeed a Wesleyan magazine is the most suitable organ for such a purpose may be questioned. But if the "Neo-Papal system," as described in the following vigorous extract, which must be our last; is only old Catholic "writ large," so to put it, the ex-Priest would be rendering an important service



to his former coreligionists, as well as to the public generally, by bringing out the evidence of what would to many be nothing short of a new revelation. Until he lets us understand whether this is what he means or not he is only beating the air:—

The Neo-Papal system murders liberty lest liberty should resist its pretensions; it merges the individual into the ambition of the Monsignore, and calls the result religion. Everything is done to render the office of authority easier. Thus, whilst the ecclesiastical Superior is exalted by titles, dress, and all the pageantries of puerile superstitious despotism, the individual is taught to lie prostrate on the ground, and to kiss feet, and to ask blessings, and ask leave, and beg to be allowed to be a slave. All independence is crushed; the least inkling of it is spoken of as diabolic temptation; every one is made dependent on some one else. The spirit of a foreign Jesuit college, with its spying, humiliations, tell-taling, un-English, unmanly fashions, is possessing the whole of the Neo-Papal Church. The more that spirit is fostered, the more will the fine spirit of the old English Roman Catholic gentry be transformed from its hearty genuineness into everything which we loathe, and loathe all the more because it is under the name of religion; and whilst it pleads for protection to those who, on principle, give equal rights to all, it poisons, it opposes, it destroys; and yet its line of action is too intangible to get at.

#### AMATEURS OF DISCOMFORT.

**M**ORTIFICATION of the flesh has always something about it which commands our attention and respect. St. Simeon Stylites was unquestionably a hero; and the Brahmin who sits in a tree until he becomes incorporated with its branches is a figure full of pathetic nobility. But the attractiveness of exhibitions of indifference to creature comfort is not confined to cases of such lofty motive, and it survives even where the occasion is felt to be very inadequate, if not actually silly. The reason of this perhaps is that there is something peculiarly gratifying to human nature in the contemplation of ascetic exploits. They heighten the sense of personal comfort much as a whistling wind without is said to make things look more snug and cheerful at home, or as the appreciation of civilized security is enhanced by the perusal of tales of wild and dangerous adventure. This feeling must have entered largely into the strong interest evinced by the public in some recent feats of monotonous pedestrianism at Islington; and perhaps this should make us charitable in our judgment of that odd class of people who appear to discover in the infliction upon themselves of severe, but quite unnecessary, physical discomfort a novel and particularly piquant form of pleasure.

It would not be fair to include among these strange folk the numerous enthusiasts of sport and travel. With them the personal discomfort is endured, not as end-in-itself, to speak philosophically, but as a necessary means to the accomplishment of something beyond. We can well understand the keen pleasure of scaling some difficult or untrodden peak, of exploring some "dark continent," or tracking the sources of a mysterious river. In the pursuit of such ends as these exposure and privation are necessities, without which success cannot be achieved. Sport, too, in its various forms exercises so strong a fascination over the imagination of Englishmen that they are willing to put up with untold miseries on its account. Tiger-shooting or fox-hunting can act as efficient narcotics to the consciousness of a vast amount of accessory discomfort, and it may be presumed that for the devotee of that particular sport, even duck-shooting, which is of all sports the most dangerous and absurd, has its peculiar compensations.

The true amateur of discomfort, however, is something different from all these. He is a person who finds his happiness in "roughing it," as he calls it, not for the attainment of any ulterior purpose, but on account of a peculiarly racy pleasure which the mere endurance of voluntary hardship appears to convey. He revels in privation; and during the hot summer months that precede his annual holiday he gloats over his prospective miseries, while year by year he sets himself to elaborate fresh methods for the realization of his darling hobby. It may be that he decides to blacken his face and make a tour of the seaport towns of the south coast in the character of a nigger minstrel; or perhaps he may prefer to travel as a pedlar, or even to remain in London and appear as an itinerant costermonger. Another disciple of the same school will find his happiness in periodically taking service before the mast, and delights in passing his vacation among the luxuries of a forecabin. But it is only the finest and most enterprising spirits whose passion for discomfort finds expression in such ingenious ways as this, and the rank and file of the school are more easily satisfied. With them it is merely a fixed principle that discomfort in some form or other they must have as an ingredient in their holiday arrangements, and provided this is achieved they are willing that their performances should not startlingly differ from those of other people. They are even contented with a walking tour, and about this time of year one may not unfrequently detect members of the class tramping grimly along some especially dusty and uninteresting road. The thoroughgoing amateur of discomfort will probably prefer to walk alone; but, if he happens to have a companion on his way, they will be seen rarely to interchange a word. They are both far too intent upon realizing the luxury of their discomfort for much conversation; and, besides, they have walked ten miles further than is compatible with any freshness of mind or body. They will almost certainly carry ponderous knapsacks, and will carefully avoid all inns that have the least pretension to either comfort or cleanliness.

One might be well content to allow the existence of these

strange persons to pass unnoticed amid the crowd of eccentric "persuasions" to which some section of humanity is ever ready to lend a willing ear, were it not that we are reminded of their existence by the popularity of a peculiar form of self-immolation for the invention of which we feel sure they must have been originally responsible. Singularly enough, this particular exercise of discomfort is now largely practised by people who would loudly denounce the insanity of the more consistent amateur. They have no wish to be uncomfortable; roughing it has no special charms for them; and what they contemplate is nothing more than a short spell of idyllic, well-appointed Bohemianism. A Thames trip between Teddington and Oxford is a pleasure which is a great deal too well known to need puff or description. Rationally performed, with a well-balanced boat and agreeable company, it is about the pleasantest of easily accessible recreations. Every mile of the course is rich with memories and associations, and, in spite of occasional stretches of ugliness, there are beauties enough to satisfy the most fastidious critic of river scenery. A paddle down the reaches between Medmenham and Marlow, or an "easy" under the trees of Nuneham, is a luxury which well repays the seeking. Lately, however, an idea appears to have sprung up that Thames travelling is spiritless and incomplete unless what is known as "camping out" forms part of the programme. It is not from any scarcity of accommodation that this process is resorted to, for the riverside bristles with fairly comfortable inns, and any possible itinerary would bring some or other of them within easy reach. Nor can economy be the object, since the outfit of these parties is often on a scale sufficiently elaborate for a protracted exploration of the Red River or the Congo. So we are forced to conclude that it is merely a passion for adventure which prompts these true descendants of Drake and Froisher to their perilous undertaking. A larger and clumsier boat is necessarily selected for a trip of this kind than would otherwise be used. It has to contain tents, blankets, and hammocks, and is loaded with hampers of provisions, while tin kettles of fanciful design, armfuls of dry sticks, saucepans, coffee-biggins, and all kinds of culinary apparatus are heaped into bow and stern. The encampment is evidently the leading thought of every one, and it is only when the shades of evening fall upon them that the real business of the expedition may be said to begin. A convenient spot is then selected, and while the rest of the party do their best to extricate the hammocks and rehearse the time-honoured preliminaries of a picnic, the cook of the party sets himself to work. Things begin to look quite promising, and some sanguine member of the party, remembering perhaps the lines of Dryden, which are exhibited before the well-known inn at Kennington Island, ventures upon a prognostication that the time has now come when

The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,  
The quarry share, the plenteous dinner haste.

Epic cookery was, as far as our authorities go, chiefly remarkable for a certain massive simplicity, but it is doubtful whether even Æneas and his cheerful friends would have shown much alacrity in despatching the meal which is produced upon this occasion. The cook will almost certainly be ambitious, and will endeavour, by some elaborate performance, to establish his title to the dignity of a "cordon bleu." But in that case his abasement will be in proportion to the height of his aspirations; and it is rarely indeed that his reputation will not be irretrievably lost on the first night of his office. However, the company is a hungry one, and, even smoked potatoes and scorched omelettes being better than no supper, an effort is made to consume the uninviting repast with as good a grace as possible. But the whisky-bottle is soon broached, pipes are lit, and the bivouac fire is piled high. Now is the time for the realization of dreams of adventure. Fenimore Cooper and Mayne Reid are recalled vividly to mind; while the lowing of a disturbed heifer in the adjacent field makes a fair substitute for the conventional environment of prowling beasts. But, after a time, since nothing particularly exciting actually occurs, the imagination begins to tire; and the cold mist which has risen like a fleece from the marshy meadow exercises a chilling influence upon spirits and conversation. The hammocks are accordingly resorted to, and the god of dreams is heartily invoked. It would be difficult to say in what position exhausted nature will not achieve sleep; it "slid into the soul" of the Ancient Mariner under circumstances still more distressingly unpleasant than those of our adventurers; but certainly any one who in such a situation secures two hours of continuous slumber is to be accounted a most fortunate mortal. Beside the ubiquitous mist which defies rugs and permeates the thickest blankets, there are other disturbing elements. Here, too, as Horace found on the Italian canal during his famous trip to Brundisium:—

Mali culices ranæque palustres  
Avertunt somnos.

And moreover the gastric conditions which result from experimental cookery are not by any means well calculated to promote sound or easy repose. At length, however, the night wears itself away, and an early dip is made to do what service it can in dispelling the unpleasant recollections of the past. The toilet which follows is rather picturesque than comfortable, and affords immense amusement to such early travellers as are privileged to behold it; but the difficulties of *al fresco* shaving are in time surmounted, and the party is duly prepared to enter upon the ex-

periences of another day. Of course the unpleasantness of these parties is progressive, and each day makes the condition of the unhappy adventurers more truly pitiable. Bad weather heightens their sufferings to such a pitch that they are usually found unbearable; but, under the most favourable circumstances, they are quite sufficiently acute, and there is less excuse for flinching from the full rigour of the original programme.

As we began by saying, these persons deserve to be judged charitably. When their conduct proceeds from inexperience, although we cannot acquit them of some degree of folly, we can at least sympathize with them under their punishment. When they act deliberately, and evince a desire even to repeat the performance, we can only say that they have established a good title to be regarded as genuine amateurs of discomfort and psychological curiosities of no mean order.

#### THE EGYPTIAN CUSTOMS REVENUE.

A FEW days ago the *Standard* published in full the Report of Mr. Scrivener on the working of the new Egyptian Customs Department during last year—the first of its existence; and very curious and suggestive reading it is. It furnishes, on the one hand, a striking picture of the want of system, the confusion, the waste, and the dishonesty of Eastern administration; and, on the other, it is highly encouraging as regards the results of European control and supervision. The first task to which Mr. Scrivener directed his attention was the study of the organization which he had undertaken to reform; and everywhere he was encountered by anarchy. "There did not exist even a compendium of the various rules, circulars, and orders defining the rights and duties of the Administration, and the steps to be taken in all eventualities." The scope thus afforded to the unscrupulous and the negligent is manifest. For every fault ignorance of duty might be pleaded as an excuse, and every wrong might be defended as not contrary to the regulations. Moreover, "the complex system of accounts rendered it difficult to fix responsibility, as well as to efficiently control the service. Besides this, the insufficiency of the control exercised by the Custom House as regards brokers, Custom House agents, and others, the absence of a code of fiscal laws, and the bad habits and abuses to which this state of things gave rise, were so many more obstacles which arose at each step." The effect of all this disorder was to favour those who desired to cheat the State, and to intercept on its way to the Treasury much of the money paid in. When Mr. Scrivener set to work to apply remedies, he found himself opposed, as was to be expected, by his own officials, and by all those who were interested in preventing change, by the dead weight of usage, routine, and prejudice, and by the restrictive clauses of international treaties and capitulations. In a single twelvemonth it was not possible to overcome all this resistance. Yet much was achieved. A partial reorganization of the *personnel* was effected, which resulted in a considerable saving. A simpler system of keeping accounts was adopted, and several modifications were introduced in the mode of collecting the duties. Above all, a sharp supervision was maintained. Much still remains to be done, more especially in the suppression of smuggling, but the effects of what was accomplished were very encouraging.

Owing to the Russo-Turkish war, in which, as a dependency of the Porte, Egypt was involved, and to the severe commercial depression which still weighs upon all the world, there was a great falling off in the trade of Egypt last year. In the first six months, Mr. Scrivener tells us, the quantity of goods imported decreased one-third, while the value diminished almost one-half. The explanation assigned for this much greater decline in value than in quantity is that the principal falling-off was in articles of luxury, which are the most costly. It is added that even articles of prime necessity were imported only as they were needed for immediate consumption, which caused a considerable decrease in the storage dues. As a further proof of the dulness of trade, it is mentioned that several steamers ceased running altogether, while the remainder generally arrived little more than half laden. Notwithstanding, however, this extraordinary decline in the imports, the Customs revenue levied upon them actually exceeded that of 1876 by nearly six thousand pounds sterling; and sundry small items, "formerly neglected," raised the excess to over 8,700*l.* This fact gives us a measure of the waste and peculation of the old system, and permits us to hope much from future reforms. If the very first year of European administration raises a larger revenue from imports little more than half the value of those of the preceding twelvemonth, we are justified in expecting still better fruits when trade revives and smuggling is stamped out. Unlike the import duties, those levied on the exports show a falling-off. The *Standard* does not publish the tables appended to Mr. Scrivener's Report, and consequently we are unable to analyse this decrease. But we are told that there was a great diminution in the export of cotton, which was partly compensated for by an augmentation in that of sugar and cotton seed; and also that there was a slight decline in the export of wheat. We have already referred to the fact that the badness of trade almost put an end to the warehousing of goods, and consequently caused a loss of storage dues. And, lastly, there was a reduction in the dues levied on barges and lighters entering and leaving the Mahmoudieh Canal, which was owing partly to the lowness of water in the canal and partly to the permission now accorded to merchants to discharge their goods in their own magazines. The final result is that the total Custom House

receipts of last year from all sources were less than those of 1876 by no more than two thousand pounds sterling, which, considering all the circumstances of depressed trade and foreign war, is a most encouraging beginning of the new administration.

The collection of the *octroi* on tobacco is not under Mr. Scrivener's jurisdiction, except in Alexandria. In that city it shows a most remarkable falling-off, being considerably less than half the estimated amount, and falling short of the yield of 1876 by more than two and a half million piastres. In the rest of Egypt, it appears, the deficit is proportionately greater still. To some extent there has doubtless been a decrease of consumption owing to the commercial crisis; but Mr. Scrivener is of opinion that the chief cause of the loss of revenue is the success of smuggling. To contribute to the expenses of the war the tobacco duty was enhanced ten per cent. This, however, induced the legitimate trader to diminish his purchases, and to a still greater extent stimulated the contrabandist. The precautions adopted against the latter are so ineffectual that the wonder is that any revenue is collected at all. Thus we learn that outside Alexandria, Suez, and Port Said there is no attempt even to guard the coast, so that the smuggler can land his goods without fear of molestation. Even at Alexandria there were last year no more than a hundred and seventy-three revenue police to contend against from fifteen to eighteen hundred smugglers. Moreover, the former are unarmed, whereas the latter are well provided with weapons, which they do not hesitate to use on occasion arising. During the present year, it appears, ampler provision has been made for enrolling an efficient coastguard. But the construction and position of the Custom House itself continue to militate against the interests of the Treasury. "The position of the Alexandria Custom House, with so many houses, stores, and shops, within its *enceinte* even, and with numerous private gates, renders uncertain and difficult the surveillance necessary to prevent contraband goods being taken into the town." Add to this that there are numerous cafés and public-houses built on piles along the sea, which appear to have been erected for the express purpose of serving as depôts for smuggled goods. Lastly, the system of permits and manifests is so defective that it is impossible to guard the interests of the Treasury if the honesty and vigilance of the officials fail it.

The narration of the obstacles which Mr. Scrivener has had to encounter in every effort to perform his duty serves to enhance our appreciation of his energy and of the important results he has already attained. But it also proves that a vast deal remains to be done. The fact that, with so great a decline both in the imports and exports, in the face of almost universal smuggling, and in spite of the hostility of his own agents, he yet raised a revenue as large within a trifle as that of the previous year, is proof positive that the income from Customs admits of being at least doubled. At the same time it is not at all certain that the net income will be greatly increased, even if the difficulties in the way of strictly collecting all duties which ought to be paid are overcome. And these difficulties are by no means slight. The international treaties and capitulations are serious hindrances to almost every conceivable change, even to changes in the form of the Custom House permits. Mr. Scrivener speaks as if he anticipated no formidable opposition to a revision of the capitulations, and probably with time all opposition will be overcome. European Governments will consent to give authority to European heads of an Egyptian department which they would never accord to native officials. But the long delay interposed to the creation of the International Tribunals warns us not to expect a very rapid solution of this difficulty; and the rumoured objections of France to Nubar Pasha's arrangements remind us that the jealousy which prompted that delay is by no means allayed. Further, the European merchants in Egypt, if they are not greatly maligned, have a very powerful interest in the contraband trade; and they have means of upholding the capitulations which will not be easily combated. But until the capitulations are modified, or, at any rate, without the active and zealous support of the foreign Consuls, it will be impossible to suppress smuggling. Supposing this difficulty overcome, and the department armed with all necessary authority, it will be requisite to organize an efficient coastguard, not at Alexandria, Suez, and Port Said only, but all along the coasts of Egypt; and this will cost money. Then new custom-houses will have to be erected, and the existing custom-houses will have to be removed to sites better adapted for the purposes for which they are intended. Lastly, the houses, stores, and shops within the present custom-houses, and the cafés and public-houses along the shore, of which we spoke above, will have to be bought up and demolished. This will be a still more expensive operation. On the whole, a certain increment of revenue may be confidently expected, now that peace has been restored, from a mere revival of trade. All beyond that, however, will have to be earned by an outlay which will absorb an uncertain proportion of the gain. The bondholders of Egypt, then, should not be rendered too sanguine by this Report; yet unquestionably it is highly favourable to them. It proves, not only that the Customs revenue is as large as in former documents it has been stated to be, but that in normal times, with such honesty of collection as European supervision and control insure, it is considerably larger.



## THE ST. LEGER.

THE St. Leger, as a rule, loses much of its interest when the winner of the Derby is not included in its nominations; but although on the present occasion Sefton was unentered, the field comprised most of the best public performers among the three-year-olds of the year, and the race was of a singularly open and interesting character. The absence of Thurio from the entry was much to be regretted; but it is almost invariably the case that some three-year-olds of note are not in the St. Leger. The previous running of the favourites, with the exception of Beauclerc, had been very in and out, and all the best three-year-old performers of the year, the Derby winner included, had suffered defeat since the beginning of the racing season. Thus far it had seemed doubtful whether any one of them could be considered a great racehorse; but excuses had been made for the shortcomings of most of them, and hopes were entertained that the St. Leger might turn out to be the critical race of the year, and prove whether any of the three-year-olds were above the average. We have on several occasions referred to Beauclerc, the colt by Rosierucian out of Bonny Bell, who was about the best two-year-old performer of last year. We mentioned that, after being first favourite for both the Two Thousand and the Derby during the winter months, he had "struck his leg," as it is termed, shortly before the former race, and had been immediately scratched for both engagements. His two-year-old running had been incomparably better than that of the winner of the Derby; and, although Jannette had never been beaten in 1877, there were reasons for assuming that she was inferior to Beauclerc. The rapidity with which Beauclerc had recovered from his accident in the spring had made many of his admirers regret the precipitancy with which he had been scratched for the Derby, as it seems possible that he might have been able to start for that race. The cessation in his training would, however, have interfered so greatly with his chance that, except for gambling purposes, no one who cared for the horse could fairly have wished to see him run against rivals which were in perfect racing condition; and the promptitude with which his owner struck out his name was universally approved. During the summer, his preparation for the St. Leger had gone on very smoothly. Still many good judges mistrusted his twisted foreleg, and gave it as their opinion that it would be foolish to back a horse which had once met with an accident that might very likely be repeated. They warned his backers that, however well he might be bearing moderate work, he would be very liable to hit his leg again if he were to become at all weary in the severe gallops which conclude a course of training for a great race, and that, worst of all, he would very probably meet with a similar accident during the struggle in the race itself. Horse-watchers declared that since his mishap in the spring he had contracted a habit of galloping with his fore legs more widely apart than formerly, as if he instinctively dreaded a repetition of the disaster, and they feared that this unnatural action would seriously retard his pace. A party of miscreants endeavoured to put an end to all doubts in connexion with the horse by breaking into his box and violently injuring him, but their designs were fortunately frustrated. About a fortnight before the race, however, he took a rather severe gallop than usual, and although he appeared none the worse for it immediately afterwards, in the evening one of his fore legs began to fill, and it was clear that he had given it a blow in his gallop. At such a critical period in training rest is usually fatal to a horse's chance, and fears were entertained that rest would now be necessary for Beauclerc. In three or four days, however, he was fortunately able to resume work, the excitement about his probabilities of success became intense, and his position in the betting market was as sensitive as that of Egyptian bonds.

Although Jannette had lost a couple of races this year when out of sorts, she had been successful in four, including the Oaks and the Midsummer Stakes at Newmarket July meeting, in which she had beaten Thurio, the winner of the Grand Prix de Paris and conqueror of Insulaire, by two lengths when receiving 3 lbs. more than her allowance for sex. As a two-year-old she had won seven races without once being beaten; but her form had been so uncertain as a three-year-old that it was feared she must be either delicate or jaded. Her sire, both her grandsires, and one of her great-grandsires had won the St. Leger, as also had her dam's own sister. Altogether there were many things in her favour. Her breeding, her appearance, and her best public form were unexceptionable. On the other hand, she had never seemed to be quite herself this summer, and even at York races, a fortnight before Doncaster, she had sweated a good deal, and seemed nervous and fretful. It was also generally reported that she had been beaten in a trial in the spring by her stable companion Childeric, who, although a greatly improved horse, was at that time by no means the best three-year-old on the Turf. This rumour never weighed with us in the least, but in gauging public opinion on racing, it is necessary to notice the various influences which have affected it. As regarded Childeric, there were great divergences of opinion. He had won four races out of six last year, but in each of the four races for which he had started during the present season he had been beaten. Yet his running in the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot had been very good. For this race he had carried 9 st. 1 lb., while Sefton had carried 9 st. 5 lbs., and Glengarry 8 st. 3 lbs. Glengarry won by a length and a half;

Childeric beating Sefton for second place by a neck. If this running were true, it seemed probable that Childeric was not more than a pound or two worse than the Derby winner. A couple of days later he ran wretchedly, but he was evidently out of sorts on that occasion. That small but wiry horse Insulaire had only won two out of eight races as a two-year-old, but as a three-year-old he had won the French Derby, in which he had beaten Clocher by three lengths, and the Ascot Derby, in which he had beaten Jannette by four lengths and a half. He had, however, a bad habit of running second, having contrived to place himself in that position for the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the Grand Prix de Paris. In the Two Thousand he had beaten Sefton by exactly the same distance by which their positions were afterwards reversed in the Derby. In the Grand Prix he had been beaten by a head by Thurio, who had afterwards been conquered by Jannette. In the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood he had been beaten by a length by Clocher, to whom he was giving 5 lbs., and in the Rous Memorial Stakes at Ascot he had been nowhere to Petrarch, Dalham, and Touchet. In the course of the summer doubts were entertained as to his capability of staying over so long a course as that of the St. Leger, but the report that he had won a good trial over a similar distance about a fortnight before the race seemed to satisfy his backers. Red Archer's only claim to favouritism on public running rested upon the race at Ascot already referred to, in which Childeric had run so badly. On that occasion he had beaten the latter horse by a length at even weights; but Bonnie Scotland, who had in the Prince of Wales's Stakes been beaten by Childeric, won this race when meeting Childeric on 5 lbs. worse terms, which seemed to prove that the running was all wrong. At Chester he only just contrived to beat a very poor field by a head, but he did not look half fit for racing at that meeting. On the whole, it must be said that he was backed entirely upon his private reputation, and for the sake of his good looks. He had great length of body and plenty of bone, and long arms and thighs, and his muscles were well developed. The great drawbacks to his appearance were his hocks, which were curby. Clocher, whom we have already mentioned, had improved immensely in appearance since Goodwood, and many good judges considered his prospects of victory to be by no means despicable. Then, within a few hours of the race, there was great excitement about a mysterious Irish horse named Master Kildare by Lord Ronald, who had never run before upon an English racecourse. As a two-year-old he had won the only race for which he started, and this year he had run but twice, beating Umpire on one occasion, and being beaten by him on the other. Besides the horses already mentioned, there were Attalus, the winner of the Manchester Cup, Glengarry, the winner of the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, Castlereagh, the winner of the Great Yorkshire Stakes, Eau de Vie, the winner of the Nassau Stakes at Goodwood, two outsiders who, as will subsequently appear, were started to make the running; Yager, whose sole mission seemed to be to get his jockey's leg broken by a kick from another horse before the start, and Mappleton, who never took any part in the race, and eventually walked in with the crowd.

When the fourteen competitors had arrived at the post, they went away at once to a very good start, Insulaire having perhaps a little the best of it. Glengarry then went to the front, and made the running for the first three furlongs. Boniface and Potentate, a couple of regular running-makers, took it up at that point; and one or other led the field until within a quarter of a mile or less from home, when they fell back, and left the issue to their betters. The real contest then began, and the first to rush to the front was Master Kildare, with Childeric racing against him; and the pair struggled against each other from that point to the end. They were followed by Clocher, Jannette, Insulaire, Beauclerc, and Attalus. Before they reached the distance, Archer came sailing along upon Jannette, passed Childeric and Master Kildare, who were fighting away as if the race lay between them only, and won with the greatest ease by four lengths. Childeric was second, and thus for two years in succession Lord Falmouth has owned the first and second horses in the St. Leger. The mysterious Irishman, who was third, is evidently a good horse, and this fact will certainly be remembered by handicappers. But he is already in the Cesarewitch with a light weight apportioned to him, and in the Cambridgeshire his chance seems far from a bad one. Clocher was fourth and Insulaire was fifth, and these positions confirm their Goodwood running. Attalus was sixth, and this was about the place where one might have expected to find him, judging from his previous running. Beauclerc was seventh; but the enforced interruption of his training, which occurred at a very critical time, was quite enough to account for his defeat. Red Archer never took an important part in the race from the beginning to the end.

Jannette is the fourth of Lord Clifden's stock that has won the St. Leger, and her performance in that race, combined with her previous running, proves that when she is well she is a mare of very high quality. She is probably rather above than below the average of St. Leger winners; and with her breeding, her shape, her size, and her public running, she ought some day to be a most valuable brood mare; and when it is remembered that her owner is one of the most straightforward men on the Turf, her victory in the St. Leger of 1878 ought to be regarded with unqualified satisfaction.

## REVIEWS.

## ARCHBISHOP TRENCH'S LECTURES ON MEDIEVAL CHURCH HISTORY.\*

IT is told of Bishop Blomfield that when some lawyers criticized the sermons of a certain popular preacher as wanting in substance and solid thought, he urged in excuse that the object of their strictures "had preached so long to bonnets as to have forgotten there were brains." This ungallant antithesis Archbishop Trench in his preface cites only to reprobate. The groundwork of his present book has been a course of lectures on Church history delivered to a class of girls at Queen's College, London; and he gives it as his conviction, "after some experience in lecturing to the young of both sexes," "that there is no need to break the bread of knowledge smaller for young women than for young men." It might perhaps be supposed that this chivalrous vindication of the rights of the bonnet-wearers to sit down at the feast of reason on equal terms with those to whom Bishop Blomfield accorded the monopoly of brains was the prelude to an unusually severe and solid course of teaching. When, however, we turn from the preface to the book itself, we do not find that the quantity of bread here bestowed is at all alarming. If, indeed, we were called upon to criticize this book in a single word, our word for it would be "thin." It is pleasant reading enough, it is fair and appreciative in tone, it is good as far as it goes; but there is not very much in it. This is perhaps what may be said of most lectures delivered to young women, or to young men either, on subjects of which they are not making a special study. Archbishop Trench's hearers at Queen's College were not supposed to be in training for theologians, or to want more than a general acquaintance with Church history. What such hearers require is, not so much to learn a number of facts, as to be put in the way of afterwards learning these for themselves if necessary; to be given a good general view of the whole subject, and, above all, to have an interest in it awakened. There is no doubt that in this last respect the spoken word has an advantage over the written one. People will listen to a lecture, and afterwards, their interest having once been aroused, will go and read up for themselves, who would never otherwise have thought of entering upon the study of such or such a subject at all. But when the spoken lecture which we hear but once has developed into the printed book which we can read as many times as we like, we are apt to become conscious of an allusiveness of style and a thinness of texture which probably did not strike us before. Dr. Trench tells us that in the revision of his lectures for the press "much has been re-written, something withdrawn, not a little added"; but they nevertheless retain the character—perhaps we might say the characteristic weaknesses—of lectures. There is an undue proportion of comment, reflection, and moralizing to the amount of positive information.

Although, however, as a whole the book is disappointing, it has its good points. There is a certain charm in the author's kindly and sympathetic way of looking at things, in his determination to view men on their best side. One of his favourite proverbs is the Chinese saying, "Better a diamond with a flaw than a pebble without one"; and he is not anxious to look too closely even at the admitted flaws of his diamonds. He warns his readers against the temptation to be over-critical on those who have done great work in the Church, "resolving that this one went too far, and that not far enough; that Tertullian was too fierce, and Jerome too touchy; that Luther might sometimes have kept a better tongue in his head, and so on." Those writers who "have an eye only for the tares, and none for the wheat," at whose touch "all which was high becomes low, all which was heroic dwarfs and dwindles into littleness and meanness," are abhorrent to him. As we read his protest against such, we are reminded of the lines in which Merlin expresses his scorn of carping censors like Vivien, who,

If they find  
Some stain or blemish in a name of note,  
Not grieving that their greatest are so small,  
Inflate themselves with some insane delight,  
And judge all nature from her feet of clay,  
Without the will to lift their eyes, and see  
Her godlike head crown'd with spiritual fire,  
And touching other worlds.

The one thing indeed which Dr. Trench cannot let pass without rebuke is a sneer. He rises into indignation in denouncing the ignorant contempt with which the Schoolmen are often spoken of by persons who have never read a line of their writings. In vindicating the claims of the monastic system to the gratitude of the world, he pauses to dispose of some scoffers:—

We sometimes hear the ignoble observation—it used to be heard much oftener—that the monks knew how to pick out the best and most fertile spots for themselves; when indeed it would be truer to say that they knew how to make that which had fallen to them—it was often the waste or the morass which none other cared to cultivate—the best; but this by the sweat of their brow and the intelligent labour of their hands.

He winds up a recapitulation of the good effects of the Crusades

\* *Lectures on Medieval Church History.* Being the Substance of Lectures delivered at Queen's College, London. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin, Chancellor of the Order of St. Patrick. London: Macmillan & Co.

with a fling at Lord Chesterfield, whom in these days nobody is very likely to take for a guide to the right understanding of the religious side of history:—

We may be content then to leave to Lord Chesterfield and to others like-minded to pass their judgment on the Crusades, namely that they were "the most immoral and wicked scheme that was ever contrived by knaves, and executed by madmen and fools against humanity;" and we may thank God that at all events history is now so written, and the past so judged, that we are not even tempted to such ignoble verdicts as these.

It has been Lord Chesterfield's unhappy fate more than once to draw upon himself the wrath of the present Archbishop of Dublin. With the same air of infallibility with which he pronounced the Crusaders to have been either knaves or fools, he also laid down that no "man of fashion" should ever quote a proverb. In this latter case the only excuse that we can offer for him is that he never had the chance of reading Dr. Trench on *Proverbs and their Lessons*.

Though, however, the Archbishop defends Crusaders, monks, and Schoolmen against the scoffs of the ignorant or the unsympathetic, he is never a mere eulogist, and in the chapter on Monasticism he declares unhesitatingly "that so soon as ever the better moral forces, which even at the beginning were not the only ones, began to ebb, there sprang out of the monastic system evils the most enormous." In short, if he condemns on the one side the error of "unduly depreciating" the Middle Ages, on the other side he protests against that of "extolling them as 'ages of faith,' with a tacit subaudition that all which came after have been ages of unbelief." It is rare to find a writer who combines so thorough a belief in the Reformation as "an unspeakable gain" with so full and hearty an appreciation of the mediæval Church as does Dr. Trench. As an instance of his fairness in dealing with individuals we may take his judgment upon Erasmus, who generally receives but hard measure at the hands of those who sympathize with Luther:—

Erasmus, let it be remembered, did not begin his career as a Reformer,—and it was only by the way and by accident that he was such,—but as a Humanist; and in the main he was faithful throughout to the duties which this name imposed. One may wish that he had looked higher and seen deeper. Yet when he refused to advance any farther, and separated himself and his fortunes from those of the more ardent Reformers, this was not a stopping short upon his part at the prospect of danger on a line whereupon he had hitherto been travelling, but a refusal to allow himself to be violently transported from his own line to quite another, to one upon which he had never professed to travel; for he had always declared that a Reformation in Luther's sense and carried out in his spirit involved so much of danger, might be attended with such frightful calamities, as would far outweigh any problematical good which was to be gotten from it. There may have been, I am sure there was, a more excellent way than that which he chose; but I am sure also that it is easy to say things about Erasmus, which shall be bitter and more full of reproach than the actual facts of the case, if duly weighed in the balance, would warrant.

Clear explanations, couched in language intelligible to ordinary intellects, of theological disputes are so seldom to be met with that many readers will doubtless be grateful to Dr. Trench for his sketch of the differences between the Thomists and the Scotists, and his account of the great controversy of the Nominalists and Realists. On the other hand, in the chapter on "The Eucharistic Controversies" Dr. Trench might, we think, with advantage have given a distinct explanation of what is meant in scholastic language by "substance." And we should like to know how many of his readers will understand him when he tells them that "quite another palinode" was put before Berengar of Tours. It is, moreover, too allusive in a popular work to ask "Who is there that would not fain adopt, if he might, Coleridge's judgment of Berengar, so glorious in its charity?" without ever saying what that judgment was, or even where it is to be found. To Dr. Trench, who records that he once had the privilege of hearing the sage of Highgate discourse for nearly an hour upon the intellectual greatness of the Schoolmen, Coleridge's views upon Berengar of Tours are doubtless familiar. But ordinary people's knowledge of Coleridge seldom extends far beyond the *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*. Speaking for himself, Dr. Trench declares that he is unable to share in the sympathy with which Berengar's revolt against the prevailing dogma of transubstantiation has often been regarded. As a theologian, he considers that Berengar took too low a view of the Sacrament, and that "his success would have been a calamity." Nor does he see anything in Berengar's personal character to excite the sympathy which he denies to his doctrine. That Berengar had not "the courage of his opinions" is notorious. "Logic," as Milman observes, "makes no martyrs." He did not redeem this want of personal bravery by any modesty or meekness in controversy. He assumed airs of insolent superiority towards Lanfranc, and gave him the lie over and over again; he called one episcopal adversary "the Paduan buffoon," and another "the Pisan Antichrist"; and generally he indulged in that heavy impertinence which passed for wit in the Middle Ages:—

If he has to speak of Pope Leo, "that holy lion of yours," he observes, "is very far from being the Lion of the tribe of Judah."

All which amounts to this, that Berengar had the characteristic bad manners of a controversialist of the eleventh century, and indeed of many succeeding ones.

By his treatment of Berengar alone Dr. Trench shows that mere opposition to a distinctive doctrine of Rome is not sufficient to enlist his sympathies. He warns his readers against the tendency to discover pure and scriptural Protestantism in every wild Manichean or pantheistic sect of the Middle Ages, "as though distance from Rome was itself a pledge of nearness to the truth." Those who insist upon claiming the Cathari, Albigenses, or



Patarenes as brethren in the Protestant faith may with advantage study Dr. Trench's account of the real doctrines of these Cathari. From his general condemnation of the mediæval sects he expressly excepts the Waldenses, carefully distinguishing them from the Albigenes, with whom they are often confounded. To Wycliffe he accords high praise for his translation of the Scriptures, though at the same time he considers it matter for thankfulness "that the Reformation was not in his time, nor of his doing. From a Church reformed under the auspices of one who was properly the spiritual ancestor of our Puritans, the Catholic element would in good part, perhaps altogether, have disappeared." On the whole, however, Dr. Trench's sketch of Wycliffe strikes us as one of the weakest parts of his book. He lays stress on the two points which have made Wycliffe's name dear to modern Protestants—the translation of the Bible and the denial of transubstantiation; but he gives only a vague idea of Wycliffe's characteristic doctrines, never even mentioning the famous formula of "dominion founded in grace." Neither are the subversive and revolutionary tendencies of the Lollards as a political party sufficiently brought out. Some of the later chapters please us much better. "The Revival of Learning," from which we have already quoted the description of Erasmus, "Christian Art," and "Aspects of Christian Life and Work in the Middle Ages," in which the writer points out how much the Church did for the alleviation of human suffering, are especially good. "If, after all was done," he justly remarks, "the open sores of society were not healed then, we must in fairness to those times remember that they are as little healed at the present. The wretchedness that was in the world outstripped then, as it outstrips now, the most earnest efforts to overtake it."

#### WILD BEASTS OF INDIA.\*

WITH some relief we found that this volume, dealing with the kingdom of Mysore and dedicated to the officer who has had charge of the education of its Maharaja, contained no dissertation about the comparative merits of native and English rule. We had feared, from the opening chapter, that we might be deluged with statistics, or invited to review all the arguments for and against the doctrine of lapse, the recognition of the right of adoption by Hindus, the obligations of the Paramount Power, and other topics familiar to Anglo-Indian journalists. The book is what it purports to be, an account of thirteen years passed in scenes where the chances of jungle fever are compensated by picturesque beauty of scenery, and in familiar intercourse with interesting native shikaries, trackers, and semi-aboriginal tribes, with whose manners and language the author was soon quite at home. We gather that Mr. Sanderson went out to India to begin life as a coffee-planter, probably in the Wynad or its neighbourhood. The venture failed, but he was lucky enough to obtain an appointment in the Irrigation Department, and subsequently to be entrusted with the charge of the *kheddahs*, or Commissariat Department for the capture of wild elephants. He had taken pains to acquire the Canarese language, an easier dialect than Telugu or Tamil. His duties kept him mainly in the jungles of Mysore, and he was also deputed on an expedition to Dacca, Eastern Bengal, and the hill tracts of Chittagong. Other Anglo-Indian writers have written excellent works on Indian sports of all kinds, from the elephant to the snipe. But in most instances their experiences have been acquired at odd times; on the march, during the cold season with a native regiment from one station to another; or in the camp which the civilian or the surveyor forms before and after Christmas when he combines the inspection of a police post happily situated on the very edge of the jungles with the pursuit of game; or in the ninety days of privileged leave, which he has hardly earned by thirty-three months' devotion to the duties of his office. Many Anglo-Indians, in fact, especially in days when they are overweighed with calls for statistics, returns for the Inspector of Prisons, the Education Department, and the Home Office, gain their knowledge of woodmancraft by mere snatches. Mr. Sanderson's office was, for the greater part of the year, the cover and the hillside; instead of hunting down dacoits and burglars, he tracked the rogue elephant and the man-eating tiger to their lair; instead of revising settlements and adjusting boundary disputes, he had to drill and discipline a body of followers who would dodge a bull bison behind a tree, and face an enraged panther with their spears; and for his code and law books he had a code of signals by the aid of which he could tell whether a wounded tiger had "gone forward" or had doubled back. He seems, in fact, to have been most in office when out in camp; and his *kutcherry* was the thickest cover where a devastating herd of elephants had been cleverly marked down. His duty and his pleasure really coincided; and he was never harassed by unpleasant visions of pay deducted or of leave refused because he had not complied with Clause 3, Section VIII. of the Rules for the Uncovenanted Service.

Another remarkable feature of the book is that it deals almost exclusively with big four-footed game. Partridges in vain called round the author's tent; his slumbers were broken by the cry of the jungle cock; hares dashed across his path in the early morning; peacocks sunned themselves on the

tops of low hills, tempting the smooth-bore; deer and snipe abounded. But his soul seems to have been proof against these seductions. Once, certainly, he killed a splendid mahseer with his rod; on another occasion he organized a fish-hunt on a novel scale, by the aid of elephants, which stirred up a deep pool, and enabled the mahouts and attendants to *leister* the occupants with spears and knives; and now and then he did condescend to replenish his larder by the aid of his fowling-piece. But these incidents hardly interrupt the dignity of the narrative, and he rarely chronicles the pursuit and death of anything below a leopard or a wild cat. But about the huge beasts of the Indian jungles he has much to tell; and, though other writers have shown themselves conversant with the habits of the bison, the bear, and the tiger, Mr. Sanderson contributes a good deal to the stock of general information as regards these three; while about the elephant, wild and domesticated, he has collected materials which are absolutely new. He is candid enough to let us know when he missed a fair shot, or how he made a muddle of what ought to have been a splendid success; but it is quite clear that he possesses the sportsman's attributes of patience, self-reliance, and that calm judgment which runs no needless risks and yet can face danger if it be essential to his object. His treatment of the native followers appears to us to have been generally kind; and, indeed, no man who is in the habit of abusing them for stupidity, or who defies their customs and caste prejudices, could have gained so many trophies of the chase. Natives were always looking to him to deliver the district from a herd of elephants that in one night did the damage of an invading army, or to slay the man-eater that carried off a fat Brahmin or an old woman one day, and was heard of at a distance of twenty miles the next; and they rarely showed that reluctance to give accurate information of which other sportsmen have pathetically complained. We confess that, worn as the subject of tigers is, we can still give close attention to an animated narrative showing how a cunning old tigress, which had defied pitfalls and laughed at poisoned arrows, at last met her death at the hands of this wary and sagacious Englishman, just as we are never tired of hearing some incident of the retreat from Moscow or the French Revolution. Mr. Sanderson adopts the late Captain Forsyth's division of tigers into three classes:—(1) Those which prey on cattle and live near civilization; (2) those which live on game, deer and hogs especially, in the deep recesses of the jungle; (3) those, fortunately few in number, that prey on human beings. He vindicates the last class from the charge of being "mangy"; takes pains to prove that the size of these animals has generally been much exaggerated, and shows pretty clearly that they are rarely more than ten feet in length; and amusingly puts in a plea for their preservation on the ground that they keep down the wild hogs and deer, which otherwise would utterly ruin the crops and gardens of the ryot. The tiger that can reckon on his meal from the herd lives otherwise on friendly terms with the peasantry, and often carries off the old and useless beasts that are good for neither the plough nor the dairy, as hawks are said to prey legitimately on weak and ill-conditioned grouse, and so prevent the spread of disease. But for the man-eater Mr. Sanderson has no plea of extenuating circumstances. His pages present a vivid picture of the terror which one of these pests spreads throughout a district. Woodcutters dare not follow their ordinary avocations; villagers go in fear and trembling to draw water from a tank where the banks are covered with jungle; postmen refuse to carry the mails singly; and, except under absolute compulsion, no one remains out after dark. Mr. Sanderson gives reasons for believing that a tiger always seizes his prey by the throat, and not by the nape of the neck. He adds that the natives in Canarese speak of this animal as "the jackal," either from superstition or contempt. We can assure him that Bengalis similarly talk of the *burra shiyal*, or "big jackal," meaning the tiger.

Mr. Sanderson's duties took him, as we have said, to the capital of Eastern Bengal, and, if ignorance of the language and of the peculiar country renders his experiences there less instructive, his expedition through the Chittagong jungles was very well managed. Probably he has found out by this time that the Garrow Hills are not on any side bounded by Nepal, and that the best way to kill wild buffaloes is not to follow them on elephants, but to go quietly after them on foot. These animals, when together, rarely charge, but make off at the first sight of man at a lumbering gallop. They can be stalked from behind a common country cart, and we have often known them shot from horseback. A high-caste Arab horse will take his rider close up to the side of a buffalo without hesitation. Mr. Sanderson's expedition into the recesses of the Chittagong forests demanded all the forethought of a border campaign; and if he had been leading a retributive force against the Looshais or the Mishmis, he could not have made more elaborate plans for keeping open his communications and receiving his supplies. He went up a small river in a steamer which only drew two feet of water, and established a dépôt at a frontier police-station on a larger stream, the Kurnafuli. Plunging into the virgin forest, he marched over hills covered with jungle, along the beds of streams, through long grass and bamboos, and past villages inhabited by wild tribes, who fire the jungle, obtain a few crops from places so cleared, and live under constant apprehension of attack from the Kookies, wilder tribes than themselves. All this labour was at length rewarded. A stockade was made, "well backed with forked uprights and cross-beams, the whole being lashed together with strips of wild cane"; and the elephants were slowly but surely driven into the

\* *Thirteen Years among the Wild Beasts of India.* By G. P. Sanderson, Officer in Charge of the Government Elephant-Catching Establishment of Mysore. London: Allen & Co. 1878.

trap. The scene when the huge animals were caught in the enclosure and felt the hopelessness of the situation must have been exciting. They were kept off from breaking down the palisades by blank charges and lighted torches until sufficiently toned down to allow the tame elephants to enter and the mahouts to bind them. The domesticated females are very expert at this business, and the drivers on their backs are tolerably safe, although the author himself had a narrow escape from a vicious old female who came right at his elephant and pommelled the sportsman with one tusk, which was fortunately very blunt. No bones were broken, and a native lieutenant in command of a separate force of mahouts captured thirty-two elephants. Altogether the take amounted to eighty-five. One native follower was trampled to death by an enraged elephant, and a sad mishap occurred in the drowning of two tame ones that were crossing a deep river with a newly captured tusker in tow. The latter sank like a stone, from cramp, as the author surmises, and dragged his two companions with him. This sudden calamity was witnessed by the whole party, and those who understand the native character will not be surprised to hear that the mahouts cried like children at the loss of their faithful beasts.

Perhaps the most valuable part of the work is the disquisition on the treatment and habits of these animals. Mr. Sanderson has collected some facts which are new, and he entertains one or two theories which will hardly command universal assent; but his remarks show much thought and observation, and must always be valuable. The period of gestation is supposed to be about twenty months. A wild herd generally consists of thirty to fifty head, and it is invariably led by a female, the tuskers following leisurely behind. The sense of smell in wild elephants is exceedingly keen, and a female with her calf or a solitary male is an exceedingly dangerous customer. The damage done to crops, when the herds descend into the low country or to the jungles on the edge of cultivated land, is very considerable. In power of swimming they are inferior only to Captain Webb. The author vouches for a detachment being six hours without touching the bottom in crossing some of the branches of the Ganges. On these occasions nothing is seen except the animal's trunk; the mahout standing really on the back, but apparently on nothing, up to his middle in water. Of course the howdahs and mattresses are all taken off and ferried across in boats. Elephants are much troubled by a species of fly, and are very liable to sundry diseases when in captivity. Exaggerated accounts have obtained credence about their height, and the author doubts whether any one has ever surpassed ten feet, though stories are current of animals eleven and twelve feet high. On the other hand, there seems no reason to doubt the fact that they are long-lived, sound in limb and fit for hard work at seventy and eighty years of age. It is remarkable that the carcasses of wild elephants are very rarely found in the jungles, though the presence of an elephant that has died in captivity is speedily felt for miles. In this case even those useful scavengers, the jackals and the vultures, fail to consume the enormous mass of flesh, and we have known the authorities compelled to bury the carcase, or rather to heap earth on it.

The author, to our thinking, undervalues the sagacity of the elephant and denies its intelligence, though he afterwards praises its docility and obedience. The well-known story of the elephant and the tailor excites his scepticism, because the animal is represented as having gone deliberately to a pond and fetched water to requite the prick of the needle. Our version of the anecdote is that the animal with his mahout was in the habit of passing the tailor's shop daily on its way to bathe in a tank, and repaid the prick given instead of the expected morsel or fruit by squirting water over the delinquent on its return. In this there is nothing improbable any more than in the anecdote of an elephant saving an artilleryman from being crushed under the wheels of a waggon. Has Mr. Sanderson never seen one of his favourites lift a child quietly out of its way when passing through a village? Again, the common story of a man having been pinned between the tusks of an enraged animal and rescued by his friend, who lodged a rifle-ball in the right place, originated with the "Old Forest Ranger," and the principal actor was, not a major, as Mr. Sanderson thinks, but a Scotch doctor. "Real vice in an elephant" is, we are told, almost unknown. We have, however, known an elephant that would never allow any one to mount by the tail, as is often done to save the time occupied in kneeling down, and we have seen it kick out viciously, like a horse, at a native who incautiously approached it in the rear. The metamorphose, however, from the wild creature screaming in the Kheddahs, dragging tame ones after it, and taxing all the skill of mahouts, to the obedient domestic servant which leads sportsmen up to a tiger or performs a variety of useful services for native Rajas or Zemindars, is rapid and almost unfailing. It is to be regretted that several of the captives die in their first year, and that calves born after capture seldom survive. The elephant suffers from extreme cold, must have its daily bath in hot weather, and is an expensive animal to keep by reason of its enormous consumption of food. The price of a good *shikari* elephant has much risen of late years. We remember first-class animals that would stand unmoved to receive the charge of tiger, rhinoceros, or solitary buffalo, selling for 150*l.* or 200*l.* Mr. Sanderson says that 200*l.* to 300*l.* is a common price, and that much higher sums are frequently given for perfect animals. The cruel and barbarous native method of catching them by digging pitfalls in their paths is very properly condemned, and has been discontinued in Mysore under our forest administration. Regarding white elephants, much prized by the King of Ava, the information which the author could not procure

can be had in recent works on Burma; and specimens of this class have been seen by more than one member of the civil and military Commission in that country. The exceptional colour is nothing more than a dirty white.

We have dwelt at length on this part of the work because the value of elephants for public and domestic work raises them far above the level of wild beasts that merely furnish sport and adventure. There are also many useful hints as to equipment, arms and ammunition, management of natives and trackers, scattered all through the volume, and no lack of information on natural history and the habits of bears, panthers, bison, and wild dogs. In fact, Mr. Sanderson did not go to India to pick up stray anecdotes and write a book on sport, but he has written well because his duty fell in with his pleasure, and made him familiar with wild animals in a picturesque part of the country of which we are glad to get so many attractive glimpses.

#### THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.\*

CAPTAIN RAIKES possesses one necessary qualification for authorship—enthusiasm for his subject. But his enthusiasm is not catching. He is impressed with a lively faith in the historic glories of the martial body whose instructor in musketry he is. In his eyes the Macedonian phalanx, the Roman legion, and the bowmen of Cressy and Agincourt have a lineal heir and successor in the Honourable Artillery Company of London. For a few pages the reader follows his guidance obediently, ready to thrill at the tale of valiant deeds achieved by these citizen warriors. But the climax is never reached, and Captain Raikes's audience is left with the melancholy conviction that never in the history of human institutions was there one more utterly useless than the soldiery of Bunsbury Fields. The author had, he says, two courses open to him. He might either have "attempted to make an historical narrative interesting to the general reader, or enter into facts, and figures, and matters of small detail, of interest and importance only to those concerned, but which naturally entail much greater labour." It is, we think, fortunate that he chose the latter rather than the former course. Macaulay himself could not have made a history of the Honourable Artillery Company "interesting to the general reader." Regarded, on the other hand, from a purely archaeological point of view, the annals of "the most ancient military body or corps in the British Empire, if not in the world," could not but furnish some curious statistics, and Captain Raikes has turned to account whatever of this kind he found.

The name itself is an anachronism. Artillery, as employed by the Company, was not any sort of firearms, but bows and arrows. Captain Raikes is a little courageous in declaring "archery"—by which, we presume, he means bows and arrows—"the principal weapon in use in the reign of James I." Bows and arrows had been for a century superseded by firearms. Archery was practically as obsolete in the reign of James as in that of George II., when the Artillery Company's marks for shooting with the long-bow and crossbow in the Finsbury fields were still standing. But faith in the old engine of war lingered long, and the Artillery Company testifies to the vitality of the tradition. Good Conservatives, especially if they belonged to the Bowyers' guild, fought against the disuse of what Captain Raikes describes as a manly, martial, and elegant art. So late as 1572 Queen Elizabeth appointed a Commission to see that the proper number of bows and arrows was kept, and that "unlawful games," such, we suppose, as bowls, tennis, and football, were not allowed to compete with the patriotic sport of archery. Amidst this uncertainty as to what was to be the weapon of the modern soldier, the Artillery Company of London took its rise in August 1537, under the title of the "Fraternity or Guild of St. George." Members of the Fraternity enjoyed the privilege of wearing embroidered silk, velvet, satin, or damask gowns or jackets of any colour except purple and scarlet. They were also exempt from penalties for death or injury to any man interposing between them and their mark, provided only that before shooting they had uttered the word "fast." How this Fraternity gradually turned into the Artillery Company Captain Raikes does not explain; but he declares categorically that they were "one and the same body." However this may be, not till 1610 does the inquirer into the career of the Artillery Company feel his feet on solid ground. In that year the Company's "Great Vellum Book" began to be kept, and two years later the Privy Council gave permission for a body of citizens, not exceeding in number 250, to go through a regular course of drill. Their first captain was a certain Edward Panton, whom Captain Raikes describes as an adventurer who, "finding the trade of evidence so successfully carried on by Oates, Bedloe, Dugdale, and other desperate characters, took to the same vocation." Captain Panton may have been as disreputable as he is described, but he can scarcely have at once led the Artillery Company in 1612 and suborned evidence in 1678. Captain Raikes has, however, as a good member of the Company, a dislike for the memory of Captain Panton on account of a long discord in which his claims to a kind of patent right in the chiefship of the body involved it during several years. By the time that dispute was decided the Company, which had obtained from the Privy Council the right to increase its numbers to 500 men, had become fairly established. In 1641 the City granted it the present exercise-

\* History of the Honourable Artillery Company. By Captain G. A. Raikes. Vol. I. London: Bentley & Son. 1873.



ground in Bunhill Fields. Its original place of exercise had been the Artillery Garden in Moorfields, known also as the Teazel Ground, which, whatever its fruitfulness in thistles, could scarcely have been very savoury. The soil being marshy, and the southern part requiring to be raised, "upwards of a thousand cartloads of bones from St. Paul's charnel-house were removed there, and this deposit was afterwards covered with dirt from the street." Modern London builders, it appears, have no right to claim the glory of originality for their fashion of constructing foundations.

Captain Raikes boasts that the Artillery Company is "the only military body over which Parliament has no control." It is governed under numerous Royal warrants, and the Crown appoints its chief. For some time the Company had claimed the right of electing absolutely its own captain-general. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen endeavoured to reduce this right to a privilege of presenting two or three candidates for the office to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, who should choose one from among them. The Privy Council, to whom the matter was referred for decision, compromised the dispute between the Corporation and the Company by awarding the appointment of president to the former and of the inferior officers to the latter; but it took the opportunity to claim the nomination to the post of captain-general for the sovereign. The intention probably was to infuse a Royalist element into the Company; and the enrolment of the young Prince of Wales, the Count Palatine, and the Duke of York was meant as a step in that direction. But the City was not good recruiting-ground for Royalism, and from April 1644 to January 1657 the election of members was entirely suspended. The Company appears to have taken no part in the great events of which the City of London was the centre. Captain Raikes endeavours to claim a share for the corps in the achievements of the Civil Wars. He argues that whatever glory belongs to the famous London Trained Bands must be shared with the Artillery Company, by whose members, he says, they were officered. But a Company like the Artillery Company must stand or fall as a body. Its members may have been marvellous masters of war; but Captain Raikes's book is about the Company, and not its individual constituents. The raw recruits of the Trained Bands kept their ranks against Charles's Cavaliers, even when "men's bowels and brains flew in men's faces." There is ground for belief that the reason why the Company does not appear as such in the war is that, had it been possible for a body of London citizens to defy its surroundings, the Artillery Company might have chosen to besiege Puritan Gloucester instead of relieving it. A former historian of the Company, Mr. Anthony Highmore, declares in so many words that the Company, before the close of the Civil War, fell into the hands of the Cavaliers. Oliver Cromwell during his Protectorate revived the Company, and it dutifully attended his funeral with all such panoply of woe as could be represented by cypress and black baize. But it hastened to purge away its obligatory Republicanism on the Restoration by electing the Duke of York as its commander-in-chief, and inviting General Monk to a solemn exercise in the presence of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. Captain Raikes infers—as, in the absence of proof, he infers on most occasions of public interest—that the Company took part also in a grand military pageant of the London Trained Bands in the restored King's honour on the 29th of May, when footmen in purple or sea-green and silver liveries escorted the soldiers, when five regiments of horse "diversified the show with delight and terror," and when "the conduits flowed with a variety of delicious wines."

Captain Raikes, speaking of subsequent field exercises of the Company, says, "It is curious to remark how the Company took the tone of the times in their field exercises; for the division of the battalion was not into the English and the army, but into the army and the revolting party." On a survey of the history of this very prudent body, we think it not at all curious, and still less curious that "some delicacy seems to have been observed for several years after in the choice of a general to lead the revolting party." Sometimes the difficulty of persuading an officer to assume so invidious a character would appear to have been such that the two armies had to represent, not Cavaliers and Parliamentarians, but mere Greeks and Romans. Captain Raikes has extracted from the collection of State Papers in the Public Record Office, Domestic Series (Charles II.), vol. cxx., No. 20, a curious report of such a field day in 1665. The several officers assumed what by courtesy must be considered classical names, slightly marred in the taking, such as Thrusymachus, Altus Longinus Naso, or, most significant of all, Biblius Bombardus Vassa, which felicitous designation was selected by one Winckle. By the general instructions the officers in each party were "to have a greater care that no mischief be done." The Company's belligerency commonly exhibited a like placable temper. The "General Idea" of a field day half a century later describes the war as due to a revolt of a lieutenant-general for arrears of pay. The insurgent is beaten, and has to hang out the white flag; but his victor in the moment of triumph has a prudent mind. "Not knowing the danger he might expose the rest of his men unto in the storming of the place," he allows his adversary to march out "with all the tokens of honour." The Plague suspended musters and exercises, and the Company had much trouble in saving their ground from being made the site of a plague pit. Captain Raikes takes occasion from the fact that, like the Plague, the Great Fire interrupted drill, to give an interesting account of the latter calamity as of the former. In reality, the Fire had little more to do with the military duties of the Company than John Currey's "unmanly action," for which his name was razed out of the Great Book, "in biting of his wife's nose." Attending feasts, and escorting the Lord Mayor on his return from

the annual pilgrimage to Westminster, appear to have been the principal functions of what civic records describe as "the military glory of this nation." But the London Artillerymen were docile and loyal. When their Captain-General the Duke of York declared his displeasure that they should have elected as leader a person like Sir Thomas Player, who "had behaved himself so that no honest man ought to countenance him," no more is heard of Sir Thomas Player's probably Protestant leadership. The citizens generally considered the Duke's presence at Court a menace to the Protestant religion, and hissed and hooted him in the Poultry to the cry of "No Pope!" but the Artillery Company entertained him at a splendid banquet. The Company certified His Majesty and the world of its abhorrence of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and, on James's own accession, burst into a flame of loyal devotion. It was, however, a King that the Company loved, not a James or a Charles in particular. William follows James, and the London Artillerymen acclaim William as their Captain-General. If death robs them of a William, they are equally content with a George of Denmark. When George of Hanover succeeds to George of Denmark's wife, the Artillery Company, which had assumed the title of "Honourable" in 1685, is as clear that it had always abhorred Pretenders as at James's accession it had been clear that it had always detested the "anti-monarchical" doctrine of the right of subjects to make religion a ground for deposing a king.

George I. gave the Artillery Company more substantial ground for belief in his royal discernment than his predecessors of less impeachable right divine. It paraded before him in St. James's Park, the officers in scarlet, a colour then first used in the Company, the fusiliers in buff, with laced hats, wigs in black bags, white stockings, and black gaiters. So delighted was His Majesty with the Company's warlike appearance that he bestowed on it a gratuity of 500*l*. The money was appropriated to the building of a new Armoury House. Money, in fact, occupies a greater space than war in the records of the Company. Though it is not very manifest on what the money was spent, there was a chronic deficiency of it, and perpetual appeals were made to the members of the Corporation. Perhaps solicitations of subscriptions may have been the burden of the advertisements for which guineas were always being paid to the "authors" of the *Flying Post*, the *Daily Advertiser*, and other periodicals of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Stern retrenchment had to be practised. The entertainment after a grand march was restricted to roast beef and a pint of wine for each member; it was ordered that no more cannon be fired for a year; and the Company considered it could not afford the expense in 1758 of teaching its members "the Prussian Exercise." Private liberality indeed offered to overcome this impediment to the Company's military proficiency; but conservative objections were interposed to the disuse of "an exercise practised by His Majesty's Footguards."

A final chapter records the history of an offshoot of the London Artillery Company. On its model was founded in 1638 the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, in spite of the opposition of Governor Winthrop, who pleaded the alarming "precedent of the Pretorian Band." Captain Keayne, of the London Artillery Company, and a merchant tailor, was its first commander. He was, says Captain Raikes, "distinguished for his piety and benevolence." But his piety and benevolence did not spoil him for a tailor; the General Court of the colony fined him 200*l*., for that he, "an eminent professor of the Gospel," and who had "come over for conscience sake," took more than sixpence in the shilling profit for foreign goods. We hope that no member of the Honourable Artillery Company of London would imitate the founder of its Boston cousin, and take cent. per cent. profit. In adherence to old customs and ceremonies the New England Company, according to Captain Raikes, exceeds that of Old England. But, so far as the volume before us shows, neither the one nor the other has any warlike achievements to record. Members of the "Honourable Company" joined the Trainbands and trampled down King Charles's undisciplined Cavaliers. In the same way the "Ancient and Honourable Company" contributed brave men to Washington's army. But each alike, while civil war raged in its country, tranquilly subsided, and reappeared in its bravery only when all real need for its assistance was over. Never, on the whole, was there such a chronicle of small beer compiled as is this work; and the imagination is bewildered when it attempts to surmise of what the promised second volume is to treat. With all this, it is odd to find how much of interest the 450 pages of the existing volume contain. Directions that a battalion's entertainment is to consist of "punch, and wine, and bread, and nothing more," and that "the Company dismiss themselves so seasonable as to prevent the unnecessary expense of candles," are not quite matters of which history is made; but they might, especially the latter part, be posted up with many advantages in many mess-rooms. Certainly some battles and victories of which historians make much have as little importance to mankind as the bloodless exploits in Bunhill Fields of Commander Winckle, otherwise that noble Roman, Biblius Bombardus Vassa.

#### MOLLY BAWN.\*

THE critic of novels has often a hard time of it. The floods of nonsense poured through the press, in the form of those fatal three volumes which must be read and reviewed, weary the brain

\* *Molly Bawn*. By the Author of "Phyllis." 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1878.

and disgust the taste of any one with a higher standard of art than that which belongs to the proverbial milliner's apprentice; but we have rarely met with a book so fatiguing in its silliness, so dull in its would-be smartness, so heavy in its attempt at playfulness, as this of *Molly Bawn*. Style, subject, character, and incident, all are disagreeable alike; all are absurd; and we might even apply stronger terms and yet be within the mark. Take the opening of the second chapter as a piece of rubbish which it would be hard to beat:—

The day that is to bring them Luttrell has dawned, deepened, burst into perfect beauty, and now holds out its arms to the restful evening. A glorious sunny evening as yet, full of its lingering youth, with scarce a hint of the noon's decay. The little yellow sunbeams, richer perhaps in tint than they were two hours ago, still play their games of hide-and-seek and bo-peep amongst the roses that climb and spread themselves in all their creamy, rosy, snowy loveliness over the long, low house where live the Massereenes, and breathe forth scented kisses to the wooing wind.

Always risky, this anthropological treatment of nature is only bearable when managed with unusual grace and delicacy; dealt with in the manner in which the author of *Molly Bawn* has handled it, we do not know where to look for deeper bathos, for more ridiculous verbiage. The grammatical elegance of such a phrase as "One would stake their all" is a fit match for the taste which speaks of little yellow sunbeams playing games of hide-and-seek and bo-peep among the roses. For probability of circumstance we have, first, the fact that Luttrell should have come so quietly that Molly, standing in the garden, did not hear his arrival, which, however, they were all expecting; then, that John Massereene, his host, would have let him wander out alone into that same garden to smoke his cigar, after what would seem from the context to have been hardly five minutes rest from a long day's toilsome journey; and then, again, that Molly should have flung herself at his head with the (even for an innocent coquette) shameless boldness of her extraordinary advances. Proverbially pure in life as they are, Irish girls are also proverbially free in manner. But this only half Irish-born and wholly English-bred Molly Bawn distances them all far out of sight. We have seldom, indeed, met with such a queer specimen of an English girl. She tells the young man in their first interview "beneath the romantic light of a summer moon," that she had "quite longed for him to come"—a frank avowal which is but imperfectly qualified by the hint that the coming of "any one" would have been a welcome relief from the dulness of her brother's house. Then she adds:—

"When the evening wore on," with a little depressed shake of her head, "and still you made no sign, and I began to feel sure it was all too good to be true, and that you were about to disappoint me, and plead some hateful excuse by the morning post, I almost hated you, and was never in such a rage in my life. But," again holding out her hand to him, with a charming smile, "I forgive you now."

After which they have three pages of conversation, he holding her hand in his. At last, after he has pressed "ever so gently the slender fingers within his own"—"I don't want to inconvenience you," she says demurely, with downcast lids, "but when you have quite done with my hand I think I should like it again. You see it is awkward being without it, as it is the right one." "I'm not proud," says Luttrell modestly, "I will try to make myself content if you will give me the left one." And this is gravely put forward as the possible beginning of an acquaintanceship between a gentleman of good birth and breeding and a girl supposed to be a lady, and intended to be thought modest.

The acquaintance beginning so warmly soon becomes a red-hot love affair, wherein Molly's coquetry shows itself in colours, let us hope, too glaring for truth. We do not think that any good girl could be found anywhere to speak out as does this creation of a distorted fancy; and the worst of it to the reader is that every scene is like every other scene. Whether they are in the garden or the fields, toiling up the hill in the broiling sunlight, making a pudding in the kitchen or love in the arbour, the two young people say essentially the same things and act in essentially the same manner. "Tedcastle George Luttrell" is fascinated and bewildered, but always half irritated, by his enslaver's teasing uncertainty of conduct, now shy, now bold, now cold, now tender; and Molly Bawn—whose real name, by the way, is Eleanor Massereene—is a hoyden, who treats him with such an undisguised frankness of coquetry as would be impossible to any young woman who respected herself or required that a man should respect her. Of course, what the author means in this character is to portray an innocence so entire as to be superior to ordinary notions of modesty—like the innocence of a child for whom there is no evil in the world. For our own part, we doubt the truthfulness of the personation, and would gladly compound with a little more knowledge of what was wrong for the sake of a great deal more delicacy. It may be very charming in a girl to be so pure as not only not to blush when she sees an almost strange young man standing at his bedroom window in his shirt and trousers only, but to be able to "nod at him gaily" and call out, "Hurry! you cannot think what a delicious morning it is!" But we would rather that our own daughter or sister should have gone on picking her roses without entering into conversation with the young fellow; and we should have objected to his finding out that he had been lodged in her room, as we should have objected to the whole thing from first to last, from the nodding and talking to him half-dressed to the last words of affected innocence:—

"Have I taken your bedroom?" asks he anxiously, watching with cruel persistency the soft roses that bloom again at his words. "Yes, I see I have. That is too bad; and any room would have been good enough for a

soldier. Are you sure you don't hate me for all the inconvenience I have caused you?"

"I can't be sure," says Molly, "yet. Give me time. But this I do know, that John will quarrel with us if we remain out here any longer, as breakfast must be quite ready by this. Come."

"When you spoke of my chamber as being haunted, a little time ago," says Luttrell, walking beside her on the gravel path, his hands clasped behind his back, "you came very near the truth. After what you have just told me how shall I keep from dreaming about you?"

"Don't keep from it," says she sweetly; "go on dreaming about me as much as ever you like. I don't mind."

"But I might," says Luttrell, "when it was too late."

"True," murmurs Molly innocently, "so you might. John says all dreams arise from indigestion!"

It is not to be expected that these promising young people will get through their affairs without the regulation amount of difficulty. Luttrell, after one or two feints, at last comes to the point; tells Molly plainly that he loves her, and asks for her love in return. Even at this moment, when all that is best and truest in a woman is stirred, and the very lightest are made grave, the very shallowest in some sense intense, Molly is as silly, frivolous, and vulgar as before; pretends modesty over the inevitable kiss, which at last, as she evidently does not want to lose it, she voluntarily offers, after she has refused to give it; and then, as the ending of the scene, says that he is not to make love to her again, or even mention the word for a whole week. "I can endure a little of it now and then," says Molly, with intense seriousness, "but to be made love to always, every day, would kill me." The next scene is enacted on the strawberry bank, where a shady apple-tree also grows. The two are picking strawberries for jam, and Molly feeds Luttrell with "fat ones." "Such a monster," she says of one; "open your mouth again, wide, and you shall have it." "Is it good?" she asks *à propos* of the strawberry. "There, you need not bite my finger. Will you have another? You really do look very badly. You don't think you are going to faint, do you?" The author calls this Jemima Evins style of thing "graceful badinage." The inquiry that she makes about her grandfather—"Is he without arms or legs, or has he had his nose shot off in any campaign?"—we suppose she also considers graceful. Molly's confession of faith, a few paragraphs further on, to the lover to whom she has been engaged only a few hours—"Suppose I am engaged to you without caring very much about you, you know, and all that, and supposing that I saw another I liked better, why then I honestly confess I should not hold to my engagement with you for an hour"—is by the same rule to be accepted as natural and showing a becoming frankness. As, however, she directly afterwards places "her two first fingers beneath his chin, and turns his still angry face towards her," and presently strokes down his hand, holding the umbrella over her head, while his other arm is round her waist, we find these alternatives of unsentimental hardness and personal boldness a little bewildering. We think that, had we been Tedcastle George Luttrell, we would have preferred a little steadier kind of treatment. Part of Miss Molly's graceful badinage consists in her assuring her fair-skinned, fair-haired lover that she has "a perfect passion for black eyes, black skin, black looks, and a general appearance of fierceness." "Indeed," she says, "I have always thought, up to this, that there was something about a fair man almost ridiculous." She makes amends thus:—

"Why then I am a 'belle,' a 'toast,'" she says, endeavouring unsuccessfully to see her image in the little basin of water that has gathered at the foot of the rock, "while you," turning to run five white fingers over his hair caressingly, and then all down his face, "you are the most delightful person I ever met. It is so easy to believe what you tell one; and so pleasant. I have half a mind to—kiss you!"

"Don't stop there, have a whole mind," says Luttrell eagerly, "kiss me at once, before the fancy evaporates."

Yet another kissing scene. Their engagement, such as it is, by Molly's desire is kept secret; but one wet day, as she and Luttrell are having a romp in the school-room, her brother and sister-in-law come upon them, and the story has to be told. We will give part of the scene as even a stronger example than any we have yet quoted of the peculiar characteristics of our author's style:—

Now, this balcony, as I have told you, runs along all one side of the house, and on it the drawing-room, school-room, and one of the parlour windows open. Thick curtains hang from them and conceal in part the outer world; so that when John and Letty stand before the school-room window to look in they do so without being themselves seen. And this, I regret to say, is what they see:

In the centre of the room a square table, and flying round and round it, with the tail of her white gown twisted over her right arm, is Miss Massereene with Mr. Luttrell in full chase after her.

"Well, upon my word!" says Mr. Massereene, unable through bewilderment to think of any remark more brilliant.

Round and round goes Molly, round and round follows her pursuer; until Luttrell finding his prey to be quite as fleet if not faster than himself, resorts to a mean expedient, and, catching hold of one side of the table, pushes it, and Molly behind it, slowly but surely into the opposite corner.

There is no hope. Steadily, certainly, she approaches her doom, and, with flushed cheeks and eyes gleaming with laughter, makes a vain protest.

"Now I have you," says Luttrell, drawing an elaborate penknife from his pocket, in which all the tools that usually go to adorn a carpenter's shop fight for room. "Prepare for death, or—I give you your choice: I shall either cut your jugular vein or kiss you. Don't hurry. Say which you prefer. It is a matter of indifference to me."

"Cut every vein in my body first," cries Molly, breathless but defiant.

As for the rest of the story, those who care to go beyond this choice example can wade through to the end. We confess that we have not done so. We have skimmed and skipped and seen



what the gist of it is; but we have not spent one moment more on the thing than was absolutely necessary. How Molly fares at Herst Royal, and what are her trials of faith and loyalty; the sad ending of John Massereene, and the "profession" which she adopts for bread; how she quarrels and makes up again, and will and will not, and the unlikelihood of her grandfather's will, with all the rest of it, we leave to those who like it to learn. Such books as these almost make one despair of a generation which can produce and find amusement in them. It seems as if the dead weight of folly could never be removed and the world never brought to the level of common sense and true perception. Nor will it while such books as *Molly Bawn* find acceptance, and, we must suppose, a certain amount of admiration.

#### HODGSON'S PHILOSOPHY OF REFLECTION.\*

(Second Notice.)

WE now take up Mr. Hodgson's work where he deals with the ultimate postulates of logic and reasoning. The principle of contradiction receives at his hands an elaborate and ingenious treatment, in which he distinguishes between a contradictory proposition—the mere negation of a proposed predicable (A is not B)—and a contrary one, the positive assertion of a quality completely excluding a certain predicable (A is not-B). He works out a table of the various kinds of logical opposition, differing considerably from the explanation usually given, and so in due course attacks the question of necessity and possibility. The categories of the actual or existent, the possible or contingent, the necessary or universal, have for their respective contradictories the non-actual or non-existent, the not-possible to be or not-to-be, the not-necessary or not-always-existent. The real meaning of the possible is approached through its contradictory. This contradictory—the "not-possible to be or not-to-be"—plainly has no proper content of its own; it is divided between the impossible and the necessary. The positively not-possible is simply impossible; the negatively not-possible is simply necessary, though conditionally expressed. This may be illustrated, we may add, by the example of conditional gifts or contracts, familiar in both English and Roman jurisprudence. The apparent contingency is resolved either into impossibility, as where the condition runs, "If Gaius shall touch the sky with his finger"; or into necessity, as where it is, "If Gaius shall not come from Ephesus to Rome in three hours." What, then, of the corresponding affirmative category? The contingent, or possible to be or not-to-be, is, if possible only to be and not also not to be, included in the necessary; if possible not to be and not also to be, it is included in the impossible. The "possible to be or not-to-be" really means something which either is to happen or is not, but at present we cannot tell which. It "expresses the relation of a given representation to the present state of our knowledge relevant to it." The category of the possible is "a determination of our partial knowledge concerning the Necessary"; "the Potential or Conditionally-Necessary steps into the place of the Possible or Contingent."

Such is Mr. Hodgson's short way (if we have rightly grasped it) to philosophical determinism; on which we must observe that, minute criticism apart, proofs of this kind are somehow not found to bring home conviction even to the philosophical part of mankind. There is a want of striking energy about them. In any case we think Mr. Hodgson should have added an explanation of necessity in order to make his position complete in itself. The explanation would be simply this—that everything which happens is necessary when it does happen, and its necessity is not anything apart from the fact of its happening. In short, we cannot get rid of the popular notion of contingency, unless we get rid of the popular notion of necessity also; and we cannot find that Mr. Hodgson has explicitly done this. Some pages later, indeed, he does what is in substance equivalent by declaring the *nexus* of causality to be a fiction, an attempt to reconstruct by an artificial device the continuity which has been broken by the artificial process of thought, now part of our nature, whereby we regard things as separate entities acting on one another. Look on the universe as continuous, and you do not want a *nexus* at all. The natural man, seeing, let us say, a stick, never asks himself what makes the parts of the stick hold together. He only knows the stick is a stick. The educated man, regarding the stick as made up of molecules, and taking each molecule as a thing (in Mr. Hodgson's phrase) "rounded off" by itself, has to conceive not only the molecules holding together in a certain arrangement, but a something more, a force or causal efficiency acting between the molecules to hold them together. The philosophic man, if he listens to Mr. Hodgson, will say that the molecules are separate things only for the purposes of natural science. Now in natural science the *nexus* is a mere superfluity, and the introduction of it does nothing but harm, inasmuch as it enables sham explanations to pass muster for real ones. And the supposed need of it in metaphysics arises from carrying over the conceptions of natural history into the metaphysical region; so that, on the whole, the great mystery of causality falls between the two stools into the formless limbo of chimeras; where it is only too certain all the same that it will continue to buzz in its vacuum this many a day. Mr. Hodgson further says that the notion of causality is inapplicable to the relation between states of conscious-

ness and their physical conditions; in other words, the assertion that mind acts on matter, or conversely, belongs to the class of propositions which are neither true nor false, but unmeaning. His reasoning seems to imply beyond this that the notion applies only to the physical world subject to the laws of motion. This, we think, is rather a question of words; but it can scarcely be contended that as a matter of fact the notion of cause was got by abstraction from the objective rather than the subjective side of experience. Again, if we admit that the subjective and the objective sides of existence correspond point for point, as homologous though not homogeneous correlatives, we must admit that every relation which holds in the one series must have its corresponding relation in the other. This we suppose to be also Mr. Hodgson's theory, or to be included in it; but we confess to entertaining certain doubts which we may as well have out before we go further.

We do not exactly understand what Mr. Hodgson means by consciousness, and how much more it covers than the popular use of the term. In one passage he says that "the nerve-motions subservient to any state of consciousness have a subjective aspect of their own, different from the state of consciousness which they subserve." This is the summary result of a criticism on Mr. Lewes, and we are bound to say that we find it very obscure. Does "subservient" stand for the relation which we have spoken of above as a parallel and homologous correspondence? If not, for what else? If so, why are the nerve-motions servient and the consciousness dominant? The language suggests a kind of turning the tables on materialism, regarding nerve-motions as a necessary but inferior species of existence, out of which consciousness, their final cause, is made. But Mr. Hodgson stands too clearly above materialistic and materialist-spiritualistic fallacies to mean that. Then what is the subjective aspect of the nerve-motions "different from the state of consciousness which they subserve"? Our own view, which we believe to be substantially the same as that of Mr. Lewes (though Mr. Lewes adds to it various propositions which seem to us not consistent with it), is that the "subjective aspect" of the nerve-motions in A's organism is A's corresponding mode of thought, feeling, or whatever one may call it—the subjective event that goes along with that particular nerve-motion—and nothing else. We cannot see how there is room for anything else. Consider, for example, a person A seeing and holding a pen. A's perception of the pen is subjectively a certain group of A's sensations, made up of form, colour, flexible toughness, the muscular feelings due to the pressure of the pen on the paper, and so forth. Objectively, it is a state of A's organism which, though it cannot be actually made visible, may be representatively conceived as visible by another person B. Either A or B may represent to himself this state of A's organism or any portion of it; say, a certain muscle in the forefinger holding the pen, in a certain state of contraction, and at a certain temperature depending on that contraction. We may suppose for theoretical simplicity that B does actually see it, or we may take some part of the physical series which he can actually see, such as the motion of the fingers in writing. Now the objective side of B's perception is not A's finger, but a certain state of B's organism; and the subjective side, of course, is a certain state or group of B's sensations. So, if A looks at his own fingers as he writes, we have a new perception, with a new state of A's visual and other organs for its objective, a new group of A's feelings for its subjective aspect. So, if A and B both look at the table, there is for A a subjective aspect, his perception of the table, and an objective aspect the state of A's visual and other organs employed; and the same must be said concerning B. As for Mr. Hodgson's subjective aspect which is neither in A's feeling nor in B's, we cannot tell where to look for it. Very well, we may expect the reader to say; but now pray tell me *what have you done with the table?* For assuredly we live in a world which is somehow common to A and B and the rest of us, and I want to know what it is that is A's and B's common possession, and makes the world of social experience possible. This question is not only a fair one, but just the question to which it would be most interesting to have an answer; but it is also an exceedingly difficult one, and almost all philosophers of all schools have shown a singular unanimity in evading it. Their systems account beautifully for the world so long as I regard it as my world, and the other people who enter into it as simply a special class of my phenomena. But, when I remember that the world belongs to other people also who have (as I must needs believe) their own feelings which cannot possibly be part of my phenomena, then the problem becomes vastly more complicated. We want a link between A, B, and the rest of us; matter served the turn for a pretty good while, but modern philosophy has abolished it, without as yet recognizing the full extent of the constructive problem thereby thrown open. Still further complications arise when we consider that man is not the only living and intelligent creature in the world, and that the degrees of intelligence descend from man to the lowest animal without any positive break at which we can say that intelligence begins. The dog, the cat, and the horse, the eagle and the serpent, the ant and the bee, have their world also—and must we not say?—their share of intelligence. We cannot stop at the reptile or the insect; can we stop at the jelly-fish, the monad, the plant, the crystal, or the atom? Through all forms of life, nay through all forms of existence, runs the sacred thread which in the fulness of time was woven, in ways still dark to us, into the consciousness of man giving light to itself and to the world.

\* *The Philosophy of Reflection.* By Shadworth H. Hodgson. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1878.

Mr. Hodgson makes *existence* identical with *presence* to consciousness. Presence to whose or to what sort of consciousness? This is what we fail to discover from his exposition. We remain uncertain, for example, whether and in what sense we are to say that the earth existed before there was any life upon it. One certainty of a negative kind is indeed given, for Mr. Hodgson expressly warns us that he does not accept the theologico-idealist solution of Berkeley and Ferrier. Yet we cannot complain of Mr. Hodgson for not throwing much more light upon these questions than his forerunners; we only trust that he would not put them off with his standing distinction between the nature of things, or what they are, and their history, or how they came to be. One might define philosophy, if one chose, as that knowledge of the nature of things which takes no account of their history; for definition is free to every man. But we doubt whether an inquiry so defined would give results of much value. It is full time, however, to turn back to what Mr. Hodgson does give us, which is quite enough to be thankful for.

One of the most important points of his second volume is the discussion of the axiom of uniformity, which he holds to be capable of proof, as a corollary from the universal postulates of logic. Thus he appears at first sight to take the side of Mr. Lewes against Professor Bain and others who have maintained that the uniformity of nature is simply an indispensable assumption. But it turns out that Mr. Hodgson's position is not so simple. The form in which he considers the axiom provable is not the form in which men of science rely on it, and all men in fact use it, for the purpose of acquiring knowledge and guiding the conduct of life. Mr. Hodgson's ingenious examination appears to work out in this way, that the axiom of the uniformity of nature is not demonstratively known to be true except in so far as it is reducible to the form—That which is, is. Professor Bain and others have put the question thus:—Assuming that exactly similar conditions give exactly similar consequences, how do you know that exactly similar conditions are possible? Might not time or space themselves, or both, conceivably be among the conditions, in which case the conditions could never be repeated? Mr. Hodgson answers, adopting an argument of Mr. Roden Noel's, that time cannot be a condition in that sense, being already a condition of things being perceived as successive; space in like manner is already a condition of things being perceived as co-existing; so that to count them as conditions of the event not only being, but being what it is, would be to count them twice over. We are walking here on the very razor-edges of speculation; but we incline to think the argument sound. Perhaps it might be charged with confounding space and time as general conditions of perception with space and time in their definite relations to particular events; *extensio* with *spatium*, *duratio* with *tempus*. It does not apply in any case to the possibility of the physical constitution of space being different in different regions, and so making a difference in physical events; and the assumption of ordinary geometry that the space we live in is homogeneous is neither necessary to geometrical thought nor capable of other than approximate verification. But that question, if ever it should become practical, will be purely a question of physical science, and we think that one of the writers cited by Mr. Hodgson did not sufficiently distinguish the scientific from the metaphysical point. Yet Mr. Hodgson's final judgment goes rather with Professor Bain than with Mr. Lewes. He points out that all the conditions of a phenomenon cannot in truth be repeated unless all the relations of the set of facts considered to all surrounding facts are also repeated; in other words, unless the whole state of the universe at the moment first considered is repeated. Therefore the axiom of uniformity, so far as it is an axiom of universal validity founded on a logical necessity, is an ideal limit which can never be actually realized. In practice it is found that the immense majority of the conditions make no appreciable difference, and that certain groups of conditions may be taken as if they were alone in the world. It is the business of human experience, both in common knowledge and in the organized forms of knowledge we call science, to find out what the material conditions are. Now this end can be attained only empirically and approximately, so that, for all practical purposes, we are in the position stated by Professor Bain, that "we must simply risk it." Yet the scientific and approximate axiom presupposes, in Mr. Hodgson's view, the validity of the logical, formal, and universal one, which loses its universal validity whenever one tries to put any real contents into it. To infinite intellect, "an ideally perfect intelligence contemplating the whole course of nature as it is in truth is, at the ideal limit of completion of science," the uniformity of nature would appear as self-evident; to finite intelligence it can be known only through an empirical assumption, framed indeed on logical and universal postulates of thought, but never co-extensive with them. Mr. Hodgson's discussion is very delicate and subtle, perhaps over-subtle; and it is with considerable diffidence as to our right apprehension of it that we give this summary of its effect.

The last chapter of the book, entitled "The Seen and the Unseen," is also a very interesting one; but we have no room left to deal fairly with it. Mr. Hodgson, though he has abolished things-in-themselves, still wants to construct a world beyond experience, but within philosophical conception; an ambition—we dare not say an infirmity—which has clung to noble minds all through the history of philosophy. There is Plato's world of ideas; Fichte's world in which the moral law bears rule with unimpeded force; the strange world of ethical (one can hardly say moral) necessity, which in Brahman and Buddhist lore binds together the

countless ages and generations in the weary chain of existence; strangest of all, perhaps, the infinite worlds of Spinoza, parallel to that of our experience and yet cut off from it. It is this last conception that seems to have most affinity with Mr. Hodgson's. It is true that Mr. Hodgson does not assume the unseen world (or worlds?) to run parallel with the seen; but he does assume it to differ from the seen, not in being out of time (which for him is a fixed formal element in all existence whatever), but in substituting some other formal condition of objective experience for space. This is just what takes place in the unknown Attributes of Spinoza's system; and we are not sure that Mr. Hodgson could not afford, with a little more ingenuity, to adapt even Spinoza's parallelism for his own purposes. It does not seem to have occurred to him that the kind of speculation called by him Constructive Philosophy might find a considerable field ready to hand in the ideas of modern geometry. Not only can we conceive, though not imagine, modes of existence not in space at all, but we can imagine extended worlds in which the properties of space, and therefore physical laws in general, would differ from those we have experience of. A piece of one such world can actually be seen by looking into a spherical mirror. But we must come, however shortly, to the practical question—What is the use of an unseen world? That Mr. Hodgson leaves in no doubt; it is to project moral ideals into, the same use which Kant made of his world of things-in-themselves. Mr. Hodgson seems to have a certain predilection for physical or hyperphysical speculations, like those of "The Unseen Universe," but only in a subordinate rank. But Kant also made out, after a sort, the connexion between the empirical and the metempirical world, and we have looked in vain for such a connexion in Mr. Hodgson's system, though he says there is one. We do not find that he anywhere states the nature and evidence of it. The further questions arise—Who shall construct the moral ideal for which the unseen world is prepared, and how shall we agree upon its nature and description? When it is constructed, can it be identified with any of the moral ideals of which men are already in possession, but which they have clothed with burdensome additions of more or less mistaken philosophy? Can the charm and the power of national and historical associations, of tradition and authority, of the affection and devotion of past generations, be transferred to it? And if so, how?

#### OLD ENGLISH PLATE.\*

IT is more than twenty years since Mr. Octavius Morgan published, first in the *Archæological Journal* and afterwards in a small volume, a list of marks on plate. The list was accompanied by some very terse remarks on the whole subject of silver manufacture in England. The book has been long out of print and its contents appropriated by the literary adventurers who compile from other men's works and swallow the profits of labour they never performed. It is impossible not to feel the greatest distrust of such publications, yet we have long had no others available for the study of several branches of art, silver among them. It is therefore with more than ordinary warmth that the collector will welcome Mr. Cripps's volume, for it bears on the title-page a line saying that its contents are founded upon the papers and tables of Mr. Morgan, and it is dedicated to him as one to whose aid it owes its chief interest. We may regard Mr. Cripps then as the expounder and continuator of Mr. Morgan, and may look upon the work before us as something very different from the crude notes and pilferings we find in too many other volumes.

It is well that special attention should be called to English plate. There was a time, now long gone by, when beautiful works were produced by our silversmiths. Some collectors love best the Gothic, some the Renaissance style; but both flourished here in their day, and both, we regret to say, are now extinct, or nearly so. As in all other branches of art manufacture, time rather than taste and knowledge is wanting. A silversmith cannot devote himself to the work of chasing and embossing with finish and care, because by some electro process it is easy to imitate or forge in less than half the time. The buyer does not care for good work. Paul Lamerie would starve in the London of to-day. His best patterns would be pirated, and the public would prefer the copy to the original. In silverwork more than anything else we look to the amateur designer; but, except in a few rare instances, he fails us. People who can afford to invest in table silver think only of the number of ounces employed, and are as well satisfied with a badly modelled group after Landseer, or a jug on which the woodcut of a yacht-race is reproduced, as they would be if their silver was modelled by Cellini himself. In one of the abortive exhibitions held a few years ago in the hot galleries which adjoin the conservatory of the Horticultural Gardens, there was a melancholy show of modern plate. Few people saw it, in all probability; and we do not remember that it was noticed in the newspapers, though many thousands of pounds' worth of bad designs were exhibited. A visitor who believed in the vitality of English art could not find a single specimen which he would have taken or given as a present, and declared that he would have preferred to the best "cup" or "group" as much unworked metal in a lump. There has been a little improvement in later years, but the demand for what is good must come from the

\* *Old English Plate, its Makers and Marks.* By Wilfred Joseph Cripps. London: John Murray. 1873.



buyer. As long as he prefers Milton shields and Doré tazzas the art of the silversmith will remain what it is.

The great art of forging marks is of modern invention. Mr. Cripps has much to say about it. He gives in full the provisions of the statute against it, and discusses the cases of several offenders who have been tried and convicted for transferring dies from one article to another. But the modern forger "often scorns to be at the trouble of transposing or adding, call it what you will, genuine old hall-marks to modern plate. He boldly fashions antique plate, marks and all." Here Mr. Cripps sounds a little note of triumph. The forger has had recourse to the pirated lists of marks, and our author with his superior knowledge is able to detect both at one glance. The "inquirer finds in nine cases out of ten that the forger has not learnt his lesson thoroughly"; or else the published lists "have, by their very inaccuracies, proved pitfalls for those who have used them for purposes of fraud." As an example, he tells us of a living amateur who saw in a shop, conspicuously labelled, a pair of Queen Anne candlesticks "bearing what purported to be a well-known maker's mark." Upon examination, however, he found that the date mark was of a year much earlier than that in which this particular manufacturer flourished. In another case two specimens of the same period, marked ten years apart, and with the initials of different makers, were found to have been forged in the same house, by the mere chance of a defective tool having been used on both. Even should the collector avoid such traps, he may yet be taken in if in a weak moment he divulges his desire for some particular period or pattern. Mr. Cripps instances a coffee-pot of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a thing which manifestly never existed. The coffee-pot will certainly be forthcoming at the hands of some fortunate agent, so true it is that supply meets demand, and will have been "formed of the sloping body of an ordinary chalice of a well-known type in those days, turned bottom upwards to get the slope the right way, and fitted with a foot and lid, handle and spout of suitable fashion, the position of the hall-marks upside down in a row round the lower part of the pot revealing to the uninitiated the ingenious adaptation." The position of hall-marks will often guide the wary amateur who knows the rule by which they are placed, and can detect an alteration by their unusual position.

The whole subject of marks, indeed, has never before been so well and so fully treated. For example, not one of the articles presented by Archbishop Parker to Corpus Christi College has hitherto had its right date assigned to it. The earliest article noticed as bearing a mark is a spoon given by Henry VI., together with his boots and gloves, to Sir Ralph Pudsey, on which a heart in outline is stamped. An engraving is given of this interesting relic, of the genuineness of which there is no doubt. The head of the handle is hexagonal, and the flat top is engraved with the rose of Lancaster. Inside the bowl is the leopard's head, with which all old spoons were marked before 1660. The heart is the maker's device, and occurs on the stem; and the annual letter, a Lombardic *h*, is just above it. This agrees with the date and history of the spoon, and points to the year 1446; for this, the first known alphabet, began in 1438. The next examples are at least fourteen years later—a chalice and paten at Nettlecombe Church in Somersetshire. They are of silver gilt, and exquisite in design. The chalice is nearly six inches in height, the paten nearly five in width. They were engraved for the Society of Antiquaries some years ago, when Mr. Morgan read a paper on them; and, being of very distinctly Perpendicular design, have been largely used as patterns by the modern makers of Church plate. The centre of the paten presents an interesting and unusual feature in a small silver plate inserted from the back, on which is enamelled a "Vernicle," surrounded by a cruciform nimbus. From the sacred monogram on the back, of unmistakably English work, this precious little enamel would seem to be of native manufacture. The date mark is a B. A chalice or cup at Gatecombe, in the Isle of Wight, bears the next letter of this same alphabet C, after which there is a long blank till 1481, when the D of a new alphabet occurs on a cup, the "Anathema Cup," belonging to Pembroke College, Cambridge. Thus, slowly picking their way, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Cripps have identified here and there a few pieces, only eight in all, of silver work undoubtedly made before the end of the fifteenth century. In the list of marked specimens Mr. Cripps condescends to notice the mistakes of the more prominent compilers, so that readers who had already, before this volume came out, become possessed of one of the others can now easily correct it. The tardy appearance of this book is, indeed, amply atoned for by its comparative completeness.

We have hardly mentioned the excellent engravings. They supply a set of patterns which we fear will be only too extensively used by modern makers deficient in originality. It would almost seem as if the last great artist in silver in England was Paul Lamerie, who flourished in the reign of George II. One of his works, a ewer preserved at the Goldsmith's Hall, is represented in the frontispiece; and others occur in the body of the book. "Much of the beautiful work which bears his mark must have been executed by his own hand," for it appears by his will that he only employed two workmen. Shortly after his death, in 1751, a few very fine pieces were produced, possibly under the influence of his genius. One such piece, a cup of large size, was made in 1771 for presentation to Brass Crosby, Lord Mayor, on his liberation from the Tower, to which, in the famous controversy about warrants, he had been committed by the House of Commons. It has on one side a high relief, admirably wrought, giving views of many of the City buildings from the Tower to the Mansion House, and is

further ornamented with three medallion portraits of Brass Crosby himself and his fellow-sufferers, Wilkes and Oliver. Wilkes is in three-quarter face, and has the famous squint immortalized by Hogarth. Such a piece is of historical as well as artistic value, and the art bestowed upon it is worthy of the occasion; but, though commemorative plate is one of the most common of presentations, we cannot recall another example worthy of mention. The miserable design and worse modelling of some of the most magnificent and costly services is subject of regret with all who would like to see modern work surpassing the old. Mr. Cripps is hopeful on the subject; but it is with silver as it is with many other kinds of art manufacture, such as ivory carving and, till lately, glass-making—first-rate artists cannot afford to give it their time. The great revival of true art in ceramics is a hopeful sign for other manufactures. In moulding and blowing glass there has been a great advance. In cutting it, as in chasing silver, although our workmen are among the best in the world, they are at a loss for good designs; and we have heard that in the best cut glass from England exhibited at Paris the design was not even original, but was borrowed from the Portland vase or the frieze of the Parthenon. There is little doubt that a competent designer who was also himself a practical silversmith, like Paul de Lamerie, could command prices which would pay him. We have no place for the exhibition of good work of the kind. The Royal Academy would probably turn up their noses at the idea of placing a teapot in the Sculpture-room. At Paris, on the other hand, great encouragement is given to silver working, and plate, as well as wood and ivory carvings, paintings on china, and gem cutting, are annually in the Salon. A single design for something of the kind was in the last Academy; not in silver, however, but in plaster.

#### ORATIONES CREWEIANÆ.

THE loving duty of a son who can appreciate his sire has availed to rescue from oblivion a series of compositions running over a quarter of a century, which in some sense deserve to rank as a quasi-commentary on the current annals of Oxford. Mr. Edward Blair Michell has collected from amongst the late Public Orator's papers—which included drafts of Latin letters written by him officially to high personages, and copies of shorter speeches addressed by him at Commemoration to distinguished men on their admission to honorary degrees—all those longer orations which, in alternate years with the Professor of Poetry, he delivered "virtute officii" from the rostrum in the Sheldonian Theatre, in commemoration of founders and benefactors, in survey of contemporary events affecting the University or the Empire, or in deprecation of violent changes. At Cambridge, so far as we know, the Public Orator's field lies rather in briefer and more personally complimentary addresses to honorary graduates, most of whom, from the nature of the case, have their special claim to have their merits neatly summed up in elegant Latin. The Oxford Orator's "Creweian" function is something *sui generis*, and dates back to the death of Nathaniel Lord Crewe and Bishop of Durham, who, dying in 1722, left, among other noble benefactions to his college and University, 20*l.* each to the Professor of Poetry and the Public Orator for their alternate speeches at Commemoration. The institution of "Public Orators," though not so ancient at Oxford as at Cambridge, dates back about three hundred years, and numbers among its representatives such literary and historic names as Bishop Richard Corbet, Dr. Henry Hammond, Charles I.'s chaplain, Dr. Robert South, and William Crowe, of New College; and Dr. Michell, whose "Creweian Orations" lie before us, succeeded in 1848 a no less faultless Latinist than the present Bishop of Chester. Coming to the office in the ripe fullness of his powers, Richard Michell brought to his task rare mental gifts, a singular popularity, and the prestige of early and constant University honours, combined with that of a fine physique and manly vigour. Generations of men flourish and fade faster in Universities than elsewhere. Many have arisen who know not in the Vice-Principal, and, later, Principal, of Magdalen Hall and Public Orator the athletic, well-knit tutor of Lincoln in his prime, or the still junior scholar of Wadham in his "Crichtonian" boyhood; but we fancy that, sorely as the "Fescennina licentia" of the undergraduates in the gallery of the Sheldonian seemed to disturb in troublous years the composure of the genial-hearted, but *pro hac vice* stern-visaged, Orator, there was no Don in authority to whom the rioters would have made such concessions. Their fathers might have told them of his elder repute, of his prowess as well in mental as in athletic fields, of his generosity, unsparing of self, to hard-working scholars of his college, and of his capacity, not only for the functions of a tutor and professor, but for the management of men, which has a great share in a college tutor's administrativeness.

Dr. Michell held office as Public Orator under three University Chancellors—the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Derby, and the Marquess of Salisbury—with each of whom his principles would have brought him naturally into accord and sympathy; but even under these favourable conditions, the reader of these Creweian Orations will not fail to notice a consistent abstinence of the

\* *Orationes Creweianæ in memoriam Publicorum Benefactorum Academiae Oxoniensis habitæ in Theatro Sheldoniano, quibus adjecta sunt Orationes duæ inaugurales a Ricardo Michell, S.T.P. publico Universitatis Oratore. A.D. MDCCCLXIX—MDCCCLXXV. Londini & Oxoniæ: Prostant apud Jacobum Parker et Soc. MDCCCLXXVIII.*

orator from flattery or fulsomeness. And yet from his wide and various reading, his repertoires of trope and figure and rhetorical panegyric, he could always cull the nicely balanced sentence (in the instance that strikes us for the moment it was from Bacon, see note pp. 42-3), which, while discharging the full debt to a past hero, gave a pleasant aspect to his successor's election. In 1851 the orator had had a field for his Latin in speaking, *inter alia*, of the first great Exhibition; but we are inclined to think that his Creweian Oration at the Commemoration of 1855, occurring in the midst of the Crimean War, rises first to the full height of his great argument. Breathing the prevailing warlike enthusiasm, the orator invokes Alma, Inkermann, and Balaklava, and in a passage, which his son in a learned note (pp. 50-1) goes far, though scarcely far enough, to trace home, goes on to say:—"Ominis causa silebo tetricas post pugnam trucidationes lectorum animis sevam antiquitatis immanitatem referentes, strictumque ense fabulose Taurope divæ sacerdotis in tellurem plenam victimas atrociter jugulantes." The allusion, we are persuaded, is bounded by the limits of the *Iphigenia in Tauris* of Euripides; but, more interesting than to trace it to its source, is the noting of a vein of poetry in the orator's context, of which his most admiring pupils would hardly have suspected him, where he dwells, very much in the spirit of the Laureate in his poem *Maud* at the same period, on the aptness of a season of war and stern trial to bring out in men and women the virtues of patience, unselfishness, and fortitude that most adorn the citizen. The interest of the oration to which we have been referring is further heightened by the speaker's "In Memoriams" to two such representative Oxonians, deceased within the twelvemonth, as Dr. Routh, the centenarian head of Magdalen, and Dean Gaisford; and the Orator exhibits in commemoration of each the nicest appreciation of their respective gifts and graces.

As we proceed to the Encœnia for 1857, we find ourselves launched in the midst of a Commemoration row in the Theatre, which, as we can well believe without the testimony of contemporary journals, was allayed by the invincible good humour of the Orator. In a note on p. 61 Mr. E. B. Michell relates from hearsay the different effects of undergraduate insubordination on the imperturbable Sir Fenwick Williams, the hero of Kars, and on the disciplinarian Sir Colin Campbell, so soon to be the hero of the Indian war. The latter trembled with indignation, while the former regarded the scene with indifference, if not amusement. How the Public Orator deemed that the occasion should be met, in a spirit of mild and yet forcible irony, is visible in his pointed reference to the objects which these gatherings were designed to effect among the undergraduates—e.g. "vos, ingeniosissimi adolescentes, ad ulteriorem studiorum profectum excitare, ut clarissimos hospites vobis omnia prospera optantes humanitatis vestrae qualicunque amœna specie excitare valeamus." The pith of the speech lay in a vigorous criticism of the University Reform Bill, tempered by a hope arising from the names and antecedents of the Commissioners, all distinguished alumni at Oxford. It was at the next alternate Commemoration, 1859, another stormy year in the Theatre, that the Orator, prefacing the reception of three chief heroes of the Indian war by an enumeration of Oxford's distinguished living sons in the Senate, the Law Courts, and the Privy Council, introduced the name of his former intimate at Wadham College—that astute lawyer who, winning a college scholarship at fourteen years of age, and the highest classical honours before he was eighteen, found his University honours and antecedents no detriment to brilliant success at the Bar, culminating with the Woolsack. It is interesting to be reminded by his son's note to p. 72 that the future Lord Chancellor Westbury steadfastly predicted for Mr. Michell a brilliant success in the event of his quitting Oxford for the Bar, and we have reason to know that other sound lawyers took the same view of the Public Orator's gifts and capacity. The next Encœnia, of 1861, was barren of honorary degrees, under apprehension of an outbreak of the undergraduate rebels. As the biennial periods come round, the reader is disappointed to find that the tumult in the Sheldonian waxes more persistent and obstructive, and that the naturally genial Orator becomes severe and caustic in strictures on the manners and tastes of modern University students. In the Oration for 1865 occurs the disparaging passage:—

Inclauerunt sane proximis his annis, ut semper, paucorum nomina. Gloriam adepta sunt acriora illa ingenia, quæ cometarum instar quasi sponte et necessario exurgere solent. Quid autem de maxima illorum turba qui nullos ambiunt honores? Quorum tanta in studendo incuria est, ut vix lætitiâ ex successu percipiant, neque pulsî ab examinatore ignominiam? Ubiam formido ac pavor ille, quo in Scholas descendebat tremulus adhuc et sibi diffusus adolescentulus? Ubi pudor ac verecundia illius, qui ab examinatore rejectus sine testimonio domum rediit?

After all allowances for the "laudator temporis acti" in such invectives, a comparison of the statistics of plucks and passes in Mr. Blair Michell's always interesting and often helpful notes witnesses beyond a doubt to a latter-day preference of the laurels of the athlete to the honourable toils and rewards of University studies, and a state of things when the only prize which the degenerate sons of former University scholars carry home is that for the "big jump," or for throwing the hammer. And it must be remembered that the speaker who in p. 101 inveighs against athleticism as the "be all and end all" is one who in his day excelled in boxing, leaping, and all manly exercises, and yet solved the problem of combining adequate bodily training with the exercise of the most clear and perfect mental powers. Here is a touch of his picture:—

Quinetiam pro calamo et stylo remos et cæstus agitare solent, gladiatorum verius quam discipulorum vitam degentes, et lauream illam Herculis coronam libentius quam doctorum præmia frontium hederam ambientes. Neque

victus horum a moribus alienus, qui κρείων βοείων abundantia stolidum inducunt corporis habitum, obscurato sæpius divino animi mentisque spiritu.

As the Orator nears his goal on this occasion, he avails himself very happily of the pleasures of memory, and the contrast shows anything but favourably for the younger generations. One allusion, however, in p. 104, to the college custom of "sconcing" a man who quoted Latin in Hall, which the Orator appears to have regarded as hard and barbarous, we are inclined, from undergraduate prejudices it may be, to justify. The scholars' table would have been in perpetual danger of priggishness and sciolism if any one who chose might have aired his prandial Latin, surely at that hour out of season.

At the Commemoration of 1867 semi-official admonitions had some influence in diminishing undergraduate interruptions, and the Orator found a fair field for ventilating his dislike to the admission to the University of unattached students, based on the earlier history of Oxford in the thirteenth century, when the motley assemblage was rather made up of "tabernarum ac popinarum inquilinae, quam Musarum hospites aut Academicæ cives." But in 1869 the uproar in the gallery became so violent that the Vice-Chancellor was forced abruptly to dissolve the Convocation. In 1871, again, there were no Honorary degrees; the interruptions were as persistent as ever, and the Orator broached his objections to the University Tests Abolition Act, and suchlike subversive movements, under difficulties which the youth of Oxford, if as conservative as it is reported, should have been the last to interpose. Two years later there was a lull, under favour of which the Orator found room for an ironic presage of an "ætæ verè aurea," under the influence of which the cultivated youth of the University will need "nulla disciplina, nullis censoribus, nullis (o fortunati nimium) procuratoribus." But in 1875, Dr. Michell's last year of delivering the Creweian Oration (though his death was not until the spring of 1877), there was a solemn secession from the Sheldonian Theatre to the Divinity School, and those who visited Oxford at Commemoration will remember the occasion as the dullest and flattest in Oxford memories. Dr. Michell, it is true, fought gallantly against the gathering gloom, made his caustic hits at the new schools, and the professors "in omni fere scibili, qui quidem summopere juvenes nostros in iis quæ utilitates secum allatura esse videantur, vel erudiri vel erudire canantur," and in the true spirit and intention of Lord Crewe, held up to honour the latest of Oxford benefactors, the anonymous founder of Hertford College. Perhaps it was as well that he did not see another Encœnia, with himself as its prominent actor. He had done enough for his fame. A new order had occupied his ground. But we may well doubt whether an abler, honester, more outspoken, or shrewder friend and advocate of Oxford in its palmiest days than Dr. Michell ever occupied the post which he filled for a quarter of a century, or whether the "Public Orators" will ever again be so much a part of Oxford's summer self.

Mr. E. B. Michell deserves high credit for his footnotes and appendices, which evince research, antiquarian spirit, and scholarship. The publisher, too, has striven successfully to turn out in a handsome and readable guise a volume so fraught with interest to Young and Old Oxford.

#### ELIOT THE YOUNGER.\*

HIGH spirits are now almost as rare in the writers as in their pale victims, the reviewers, of novels. Authors of fiction plod on in a dull, business-like way; they make their tale of volumes with what chance straw of padding comes to hand; but there is little mirth in the business. The irrepressible humour of the author of *Lost Sir Massingberd* flashes out now and then as he weaves at the skein of a plot, and some years ago the author of *Wheat and Tares* did not disdain to be lively in the *Chronicles of Dustypore*. We can scarcely remember, now that Mr. Henry Kingsley has ceased to compile things good and bad, any other novelist who ventures to write nonsense which is not dull. The author of *Eliot the Younger* certainly does not lack high spirits; indeed he cannot resist the temptation to be amusing in season and out of season. The result is a novel which the writer has with difficulty prevented from being a mere piece of constant "chaff." He is never so happy as when his persons, if persons they can be called, for they are only mouth-pieces of their maker's exuberant mirth, are bantering each other. The merit of the book, the eternal liveliness, thus degenerates into a fault. There is only one step between the sublime and the ridiculous, says the author of *Eliot the Younger*, "and that is the goose-step." It is this step which he is always taking with a cheery recklessness which makes one often forgive his flippancy and vulgarity.

The story of *Eliot the Younger* has scarcely any plot at all, and the persons are the merest shadows, often not well-bred shadows. For example, there is a Mr. Oscar Dale, a great landowner and traveller, whose neighbours, to whom he is almost a stranger, wish to make him stand for his county in the Conservative interest. A semi-political dinner is given in his honour, and the way in which he treats the parson of his parish is thus described:—

"Ah, Boddyman!" suddenly exclaims Sir Hugo, catching sight of the Rector. "Glad to see you so, so—so near us. By-the-way, I don't think

\* *Eliot the Younger: a Fiction in Freehand*. By Bernard Barker. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1878.



you have yet been presented to—to Mr. Dale, Mr. Oscar Dale? A future parishioner, Boddyman; a—a new member of the flock."

"An honorary member merely," says Mr. Dale, adjusting his eyeglass as he acknowledges the introduction. "You see I don't attend church myself; retired from the service, so to speak. But I send Simkins (Simkins is my man), and thus go there by what-do-you-call-it!—proxy. Aunt Dorothy says I shall go to heaven in the same way. That, however, is simply guess-work, as I tell her. Must be, mustn't it?"

Mr. Oscar Dale is rather a favourite of the author's. He is supposed to have many literary acquaintances, and to be himself a brilliant essayist and man of the world. Yet his humour is of the tap-room and the music-hall kind; and it is fair to say that he is much the most silly and offensive of all the many wags whose jokes fill scores of pages. The author can never resist a pun, and constantly drags in comic quotations from the Bible. He is the sort of man who would think it amusing to call King David "that sweet slinger of Israel." When he speaks of a governess, he calls her "that Arid One." When a man hears that his friend has eloped, he merely remarks, "So runs the world away"; and another gentleman, learning that a man's wife has gone off with his servant, observes that "Love is of the valet." The author himself declares that "the social latitude allowed one mainly varies with the mundane longitude one lives in." As he introduces us to the bedroom of an actress in a minor theatre, and to a great variety of queer company, it is natural to suppose that he has lived in a very odd longitude. Indeed, he makes his boast that he is acquainted with that town of which a dead journalist wrote:—

Though its longitude's rather uncertain,  
And its latitude's possibly vague,  
The person I pity who knows not the city,  
The beautiful city of Prague.

Mr. Barker is so enviably young, or so happily inexperienced, that he discourses of "Bohemia" as if it were a scarcely-discovered country, and not as familiar a bore as Central Africa. He revels in anecdotes of actresses, of girlish billiard-markers, of writers and artists as poor as "Les Buveurs d'eau," though not so sublimely conceited. "Peace, ye British Philistines, peace!" he cries. "Let the Bohemian alone!" Ah, too willingly we would leave him alone, if only he would leave us alone for a while. He has told us all about his drink, his debts, his dirt, his pipe, his mistresses, and his models. It would be an impertinence if a solicitor were to be for ever describing his office and occupation as the shameless Bohemian presents the inventory of his garret. No one would tolerate these professional details from a clergyman, except of course from A. K. H. B. We do not think the Bohemian wicked, as he rather hopes, but we do think him rather unpleasant and very dull, and with joy would hear the last of him.

Mr. Barker's hero is a Bohemian of malice and set purpose. There was no reason why he should starve in a garret and write verse for the comic papers. Eliot the Younger was the son of a country gentleman of good estate who dwelt near Norwich. Being an idle, pleasant lad he left school at about the age of fifteen, and, at sixteen or so, fell in love with a governess of twenty-eight. Mr. Barker thinks that some people may say that Eliot's early love affair is borrowed from that of Arthur Pendennis. We certainly see no sort of resemblance in the treatment of the two cases; but Miss Brooke, the governess, has a certain faint resemblance to Becky Sharp. She is a stout, dark woman, and she is not clever; but she manages Dick, his rival Ulric Muffle-Drummond (Mr. Barker likes comic names), and Stephen Draycott much as Becky managed her early wooers. It was perhaps intended that Ulric Drummond, a big and brutal son of a baronet, should prove Eliot's enemy as well as his rival. He does nothing, however, but marry Miss Brooke secretly, while Eliot is at Oxford. It seems impossible to describe that very ordinary affair, the life of fast undergraduates, correctly. Mr. Barker does not make worse errors than are to be found in *Alton Locke*; but he makes errors nearly as bad. No term since the world began ever lasted from March to July. No members of a college crew in strict training could go out to supper parties and "do beers" in a random way, like Mr. Barker's young men. Even an undergraduate who went up at the tender age of seventeen would find it impossible to combine training with promiscuous drinking.

While playing billiards at Abingdon, Mr. Richard Eliot made the acquaintance of Phoebe Langham, a girl who acted as billiard marker at the "Goose and Gridiron." Phoebe was one of the three women who swayed the currents of Mr. Eliot's poetic soul. His first mistress was faithless, as he discovered when he conducted her drunken husband to his lodgings, and found that Miss Brooke was Mrs. Ulric Drummond. This discovery drove Eliot into dissipation, tempered by a liking for the fine arts, and for Miss Margaret Oglevie. This maiden is like the lady in *Comus*, a pure and even æsthetic figure in a rather motley rabble. "In her Olympus the deities were other than Dick, in his simplicity, had worshipped, and the names of Browning and Leighton, of Pater, Morris, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Blake, Chopin, and the like, evoked no divine associations in his mind." As a boating-man he was more fortunate perhaps than other sentimental undergraduates, and so escaped divine associations. After meeting Miss Oglevie, he had to choose between virtue, blue china, and the writings of Mr. Pater on the one side, and a dissolute life on the other. Unfortunately, too and fireworks, with other diversions, proved more attractive than "the higher culture," and Eliot was sent down for a year. Like many other undergraduates, he held his father in great awe; so nothing better occurred to him than to

lose himself in London. This singular mode of sparing the feelings of a father was so successful that the family of Eliot were as nearly broken-hearted as respectable people can be. By a chance coincidence, Miss Langham had run away from the "Goose and Gridiron" just at the moment when Eliot disappeared. A cynical public drew very natural conclusions, and Norwich talked as Chatteris talked about Pendennis and Fanny Bolton.

Perhaps the best part of this novel is to be found in the pages which tell of Eliot's attempt to live on nothing in London. We do not know that lodgings like the "Alexsandrington Chambers, 87 Job Street, Oxford Street, W.," have ever before been described in fiction:—

This was a curious place, and it was a curious life that the single gentlemen who inhabited it were accustomed to lead. All day long, in a dingy, tobacco-clouded room, over an undertaker's shop, they sat in a semicircle around the fire, puffing their pipes in silence, like a drowsy council of Indian chiefs. A dense haze of smoke was ever hovering above their heads (typical of the social cloud under which each and all of the single gentlemen confessedly were), and occasionally a pot of beer was passed languidly from one to the other. Faded failures of men were most of them—men with a used, second-hand look about them, and yet with a Micawberish confidence in the future that lent eloquence to their words whenever they awoke into conversation. This faith, however, was altogether passive, and evoked no accompanying energy of action. Exertion, indeed, seemed as far from their thoughts as it was with Tennyson's thin-voiced lotus-eaters. They seldom stirred out into the open air; but they were greatly given to writing letters. They didn't appear to eat; they only smoked. Sometimes two would withdraw themselves from the circle and play monotonous games of cribbage, making marking-pegs of lucifer-matches, and moistening dirty thumbs with dull-hued lips to deal and separate the sticky, cornerless cards. They read the *Times* and *Telegraph*, supplied them at morning, and the *Standard*, which came to them at evening, from beginning to end, tearing them up into pipe-lights on the succeeding day. They went to the old worn-out bookcase in the corner of the room, and dragged forth dusty, dilapidated volumes with missing middles and incomplete endings. This was the library. Odd numbers of the "Penny Encyclopædia," Guides to Bath and its Neighbourhood, Catalogues of the Great Exhibition of '51, Mining Prospectuses, Addresses delivered on various forgotten occasions, and Sermons of unknown divines—these formed the staple of the literature of which the single gentlemen (*vide* the advertisement) had the use.

Even the Alexsandrington Chambers rejected Eliot at last, and he would have actually starved if an artist, almost as poor as himself, had not given him food and shelter. The sort of life led by men whose sketches sell for seven shillings and sixpence on lucky days has often been described in French and English. The return of the prodigal; his unexpected and unparalleled success as a playwright; the contest between the bad and the good young lady for his valuable affections; the generosity of the bad, the triumph of the good girl; are all matters hackneyed and known to all men. Mr. Barker (who lets the governess and her baronet drop limply out of the tale) tells his story with such immense vacuity that it may be read with comparative ease. He would improve it very much by running his pen through some dozen pages, scattered here and there. He will cease some day to believe in comic journalism, will refine his dialogue, no doubt, and see that characters cannot be made up out of handfuls of smart sayings. Judged by a high standard, *Eliot the Younger* has no claims to attention; but there is a kind of life in it which makes one almost forgive the countless crudities, and hope for better things from the author.

#### MINOR NOTICES.

MR. SIMCOX LEA'S volume, to which a preface is contributed signed by the Bishop of London, the Duke of Westminster, and others, contains a most full and careful account of St. Katharine's Hospital\*, and puts forward with much force the writer's view, that "a local claim of the closest and strongest character upon the benefits of this Foundation is possessed by, and may be urged on behalf of, the neighbourhood of its ancient site in the East End of London." There are probably a vast number of people whose notions as to what St. Katharine's Hospital is are of the vaguest kind, and Mr. Simcox Lea wisely begins his volume by affording the fullest instruction on this point, after pointing out the absurdity of the notion, prevalent "in a section of educated society," that "to raise any discussion on the subject of St. Katharine's Hospital is about on a level, in point of good taste, with the miserable criticisms with which little provincial newspapers occasionally indulge their readers upon the private affairs of the Court." The fourth chapter of the volume contains a brief exposition, from which we have already quoted, of the author's opinions as to what should be the future distribution of the income of St. Katharine's. He disclaims all sympathy with people who would convert the whole revenues to eleemosynary or educational purposes, and thinks that the Dean and Chapter of St. Katharine's are "entitled to be maintained from the corporate revenues of the Collegiate Church on a scale suitable to their ecclesiastical rank, and in conformity with the precedent established by recent legislation for English Cathedral and Capitular bodies." When this is done, and when the Master, Brothers, and Sisters are duly provided for, there will be still a large and increasing eleemosynary fund available; and of this Mr. Simcox Lea hopes that East London will have a large share. The author knows his subject thoroughly, and his volume should do much to arouse and stimulate interest in a question of considerable importance.

\* The Royal Hospital and Collegiate Church of Saint Katharine near the Tower in its relation to the East of London. By Frederic Simcox Lea, M.A. London: Longmans & Co.

Mr. Low is no doubt quite right in the gist, if not in the construction, of the opening sentence of the preface to his Memoir of Sir Garnet Wolseley. "Some explanation appears necessary in publishing the biography of a man still living." Mr. Low accordingly goes on to give some explanation of his action in the matter, and it is doubly characteristic that he did not begin, but "commenced, to write this memoir" directly after Sir Garnet Wolseley's return from Ashantee. The task, it seems, was a difficult one, as the General had lost all his papers and journals; but this obstacle was to some extent overcome by his consenting, "with characteristic kindness," to give the compiler whatever help he could. Accordingly, "whenever he had a spare hour from his duties at the War Office," he was, it would appear, besieged by Mr. Low, who, having got up as much as he could of the history of Sir Garnet Wolseley's campaigns, "was enabled to put to him what lawyers call leading questions." We can hardly imagine any more wearisome trial than that which Sir Garnet Wolseley must have undergone; and the "characteristic kindness" with which he submitted to it is curiously at variance with the line of conduct which in his military handbook he has laid down as fit to be pursued with regard to "Special Correspondents" in attendance on an army. However, Mr. Low did not depend alone upon the forbearance of the subject of his memoir. "By correspondence and personal acquaintance with members of his staff and others who had served under his orders," he collected all kinds of personal anecdotes, which he thinks "will lend an additional interest to the narrative." But all the information thus acquired has received, it seems, the stamp of authority, for Sir Garnet Wolseley has read the book and "testified to its absolute veracity" in a letter addressed to the author. Therefore, the author tells us, we may look upon the earlier part of the work as an autobiography, "though, owing to the modesty of our hero, it required an assiduous process of 'pumping,' based on despatches and the information derived from comrades," to give the author the power of stringing the incidents of his book together. In spite of all this trouble having been taken over the work, the question of its publication in book form "slumbered until early in the present year, when war with Russia being imminent, and Sir Garnet Wolseley having been placed under orders as Chief of the Staff to the Expeditionary Army, it was thought the present would be a favourable opportunity for publishing the military experiences of an officer whose name was in every one's mouth." In other words, Mr. Low having got together the materials for his memoir of a living person, kept it by him until an unforeseen circumstance appeared to give him a chance of floating his production. The work cannot be commended from any point of view, and can scarcely serve any purpose but that of hampering future historians.

Very special gifts are necessary for a man who undertakes the task of translating Béranger's songs. Thackeray, Brough, and in later days Mr. Walter Besant have succeeded admirably with some of them. A careful inspection of Mr. Young's volume † has failed to show us one attempt which can be called even moderately successful. Here is Thackeray's version of the first stanza of *Le Grenier*:

With pensive eyes the little room I view  
Where in my youth I weathered it so long  
With a wild mistress, a staunch friend or two,  
And a light heart still breaking into song;  
Making a mock of life and all its cares,  
Rich in the glory of my rising sun,  
Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,  
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

In this the spirit and effect of the original are reproduced with a singular freshness and beauty. Let us now see what Mr. Young makes of it:—

Once more I hail the refuge where my youth  
Learned what to sons of penury belongs.  
I had my twenty years, friends who spoke truth,  
A madcap mistress, and a zest for songs,  
Braving the world, its wise, its foolish men,  
Rich in my spring, with nought beyond the day,  
Joyous I bounded up six stories then,  
That garret life, at twenty 'tis so gay!

Comment upon this is perhaps superfluous; and it will be enough to point to one other instance of the translator's utter want of perception and taste. He has produced a version of *Le bon Dieu*, the song which furnished matter for an indictment of Béranger, and which some forty years ago excited the virtuous indignation of the *Quarterly Review*. Mindful perhaps of these denunciations, Mr. Young has prudently called his version *Jupiter*, and leads off with this line:—"Jove, waking up from a nap t'other day." It is obvious enough that it would have been better not to translate the song at all than to translate it in this fashion; and, indeed, the same may be said of every song upon which Mr. Young has laid hands.

It is pleasant to turn from Mr. Young's performances to a new and very successful set of translations from Heine ‡, of whom the translator says in a modest preface, "Of all poets he is perhaps the most untranslatable; and yet, by a strange perversity of fate, which he himself would have been the first to appreciate, the experiment is found to have a peculiar fascination not easy to

resist." The present translations have the great merits of fidelity and perfect simplicity, and beyond this the versification is smooth and good. Here is a specimen from the "Book of Songs":—

Give me thy hand and lay it near  
Against my heart—now dost thou hear  
How loud the noisy hammers beat  
Within the narrow chamber, sweet?  
There dwells a carpenter within,  
Who works amid this ceaseless din.  
A cruel man is he—I trow  
My coffin he is making now.  
This weary knocking, night and day,  
Long since has driven sleep away.  
Good carpenter, now work thy best  
And let me soon lie still and rest.

We may besides call special attention to "Lord Olaf" and the well-known "Poor Peter."

The object of Mr. Massie's translation of *Wilhelm Tell* has been "to make this play as useful as possible to students of either language." Literal rendering is therefore of course aimed at, so far as is consistent with an avoidance of German idiom and of ruggedness in the verse. The translator has fulfilled his task with considerable success.

Mr. Conway's treatise† might be read with much advantage by the number of people whose mania it is to publish what they take for poetry. We fear, however, that such people are so firmly persuaded that they are born poets as to be past all teaching.

A second edition has appeared of Colonel Colomb's accurate and vigorous rendering of the *Song of the Bell and Lenora*‡.

The story told, and very well told, by an "Emigrant Lady" § should serve as a very useful warning to people who are inclined to look only at the bright side of emigration. The writer of the letters seems, like the whole of her party, to have borne the hardships to which they were exposed with singular cheerfulness; but they were hardships which few of them ought to have ventured on encountering.

The fifth volume of the new series of *Tales from Blackwood* || opens with the ingenious and exciting story called "Who Painted the Great Murillo de la Merced?" In this the mystery is kept up with much art till the end of the story, and it is of course inevitable that there should be some disappointment at the comparative simplicity of its explanation. The same volume contains a very lively and amusing story of "A Military Adventure in the Pyrenees."

Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co.¶ have done good service to the cause of light literature in boldly breaking through the hideous three-volume circulating library system which, as we have many times pointed out, has done infinite harm both to readers and writers. That the tyranny should have gone on so long as it has done would be matter for astonishment in any country but this. So long as thirty years ago the anonymous author of that marvellously clever book *Adventures in the Moon* aimed some of his keen satire at this method in the shape of a discourse between an Italian and Englishman who meet in one of the lunar museums. "I observe," said the Italian, "that each of these novels consists of three volumes. Is that one of the modern laws of writing?" "Yes," answered the Englishman, "it is a new discovery, and now a writer of novels produces three volumes as punctually as a pigeon lays two eggs. This is a great hardship to the two lovers, who are delighted with each other in the first chapter, and might accomplish their union in a few pages, if they were not maliciously undermined by the author, who involves them in difficulties which cost him infinite thought and study, and thus are they obliged to pass through the three volumes with perpetual disappointment and vexation." Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., in their departure from this senseless and injurious custom, have also been careful to keep up "a healthy character and good tone" in their volumes, which, it may be well to add, are published at a price which corresponds pretty nearly to what one pays for a one-volume French novel in Paris. We must hope that other publishers may follow the example thus set them, and that at least "the beginning of the end" of the three-volume system has arrived.

People who think that they can find enough misery in the world as it is, without resorting to fictitious narratives of ghastliness, where every detail of horror is insisted upon with minute and vulgar exactness, had better keep clear of M. Jules Verne's *Survivors of the Chancellor*\*\* M. Verne, whose earlier works had at least the merits of freshness and invention, has in this instance reached the lowest and most revolting method of book-making. Nothing could be easier than to collect all the horrors recorded of

\* *Wilhelm Tell*. A Drama, by Schiller. Translated into English Verse by the Rev. Edward Massie, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

† *A Treatise on Versification*. By Gilbert Conway. London: Longmans & Co.

‡ *The Song of the Bell and Lenora*. A new rendering, following exactly the Original Metres of Schiller and Bürger. By Colonel Colomb, R.A. Second Edition. London: Chapman & Hall.

§ *Letters from Muskoka*. By an Emigrant Lady. London: Bentley & Son.

|| *Tales from Blackwood*. New Series. No. V. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

¶ *The Blue Bell Series*.—*A Little Western Flower*, by M. C. Helmore. *Brownie*, by W. Bardsley. *A Simple Maiden*, by Leslie Keith. London and Belfast: Marcus Ward & Co.

\*\* *The Survivors of the Chancellor*. By Jules Verne. Translated from the French by Ellen E. Fraser. London: Sampson Low & Co.

\* *A Memoir of Lieutenant-General Sir Garnet J. Wolseley*. By Charles Rathbone Low. 2 vols. London: Bentley & Son.

† *Songs of Béranger*. Done into English Verse by William Young. A New Edition. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

‡ *Selections from the Poetical Works of Heinrich Heine*. Translated into English. London: Macmillan & Co.



shipwreck adventure, and connect them by a slender thread of narrative. M. Verne has not even taken the trouble to do this. There is no story running through his catalogue of disgusting incidents, and if an unknown writer had made so empty and so unpleasant a venture, there is no doubt that the work would have been rejected for the offensive thing which it in fact is.

Mr. MacKenna has certainly fulfilled in his book \* the promise of its title-page in collecting "some Thrilling Stories of the British Flag." *Brave Men in Action* will afford great delight to the many English boys who are full of a martial spirit.

Among the signs of reviving interest in the fortunes of the drama is the appearance of *The Theatre*†, formerly a weekly paper of comparatively small size, as a monthly magazine illustrated with excellent photographs of distinguished actors and actresses, of whom accompanying memoirs are given. Besides this it contains lively stories and notes, and keeps its readers fully informed as to theatrical matters in France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and America. The second number, for September, has a good paper on "Study and Stage," and one especially worth the attention of managers on the "Cost of Playgoing."

Mr. Marshall's volume ‡ is remarkable for its care, its clearness, and its excellent method. The illustrations are capital.

A fifth edition has appeared of the Englishman's Guide to the United States §, which, beyond its practical usefulness, contains a mass of entertaining reading, and is just the kind of book to solace a quarter of an hour's waiting at an inn or railway station.

Equally valuable, if somewhat less lively, is Mr. Murray's Handbook for Ireland. ||

A third edition ¶ has appeared of the Manual for Locomotive Engine-drivers, written by Mr. Reynolds, who is Locomotive Inspector on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. Mr. Reynolds is "ambitious to extend and improve the social condition of locomotive drivers by placing within their reach a standard test of capacity that will be unaffected by local or temporary prejudices, fancies, fashions, or accidental connexions." The life of engine-drivers has, it seems, improved of late years, but there is plenty of room for more improvement, and to this Mr. Reynolds's book points the way. Mr. Reynolds's chapter on "How to Become a Model Engine-driver" is excellent.

Mr. Wood's little book on bulb-gardening\*\* supplies the want which has hitherto existed of any sufficiently modern work of the kind. Beyond this reason for its appearance its author, who evidently loves his subject, was anxious to convince people of the advantages of bulb-cultivation over more modern styles of floriculture, "as being less expensive and more certain, and far better suited to the majority of second-class gardens." The book contains various practical suggestions as to the arrangement of the flowers, and the growth of flower-roots for the trade as well as for amusement, and has a special chapter on the diseases of bulbs.

Mr. Holmes's work†† is "intended as an aid to students in acquiring a practical knowledge of botany." The author has found that too often nothing beyond the mere names of plants is learned; and, recognizing the difficulties which in great measure lead to this undesirable result, he has attempted to make it comparatively easy "to find out the order of any plant belonging to the more important natural orders, and of all plants indigenous to Britain; and at the same time to familiarize himself by practical study with the various terms used in botany, both in the English and Latin languages." The writer's method in aiming at this appears to us excellent.

\* *Brave Men in Action: some Thrilling Stories of the British Flag.* By Stephen J. MacKenna. London: Sampson Low & Co.

† *The Theatre.* A Monthly Review and Magazine. Nos. I. and II.

‡ *Anatomy for Artists.* By John Marshall, F.R.S. Illustrated by Two Hundred Original Drawings, by J. S. Cuthbert. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

§ *The Englishman's Illustrated Guide Book to the United States and Canada.* Fifth Edition. London: Longmans & Co.

|| *Handbook for Travellers in Ireland.* Fourth Edition. London: John Murray.

¶ *Locomotive Engine-Driving: a Practical Manual for Engineers in charge of Locomotive Engines.* By Michael Reynolds. Third Edition. London: Crosby Lockwood & Co.

\*\* *The Bulb Garden: a Manual adapted for both the Professional and Amateur Gardener.* By Samuel Wood. London: Crosby Lockwood & Co.

†† *Holmes's Botanical Note-Book, or Practical Guide to a Knowledge of Botany.* By E. M. Holmes, F.L.S. London: Christy & Co.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d., or \$7 58 gold, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. DAVID JONES, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

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SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS, CHELTENHAM,

October 23 to 26.

President—The Right Hon. Lord NORTON, K.C.M.G.

Presidents of Departments—1. Jurisprudence and Amendment of the Law, Mr. Commissioner MILLER, Q.C., LL.D.—2. Education, The Hon. GEORGE BRODRICK—3. Health, W. H. MICHAEL, Esq., Q.C., F.R.S.—4. Economy and Trade, Professor ROBERT PRICH—5. Art, J. GAMBLE FARLEY, Esq., President of Council—G. W. HASTINGS, Esq.  
The Opening Sermon will be preached by the Rev. Canon BARRY, D.D. Information as to the Reading of Papers and other particulars may be obtained at the Offices, 1 Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C., or 4 Promenade Villas, Cheltenham.

FRANCIS G. P. NEILSON, Hon. General Secretary.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL AND MEDICAL COLLEGE.

Mile-end.—The SESSION, 1878-79, will commence on Tuesday, October 1, 1878, when the Prize Distribution will take place. Two Entrance Science Scholarships, value £20 and £10, will be offered for Competition at the end of September to new Students. Entries on or before September 20. Fee to Lectures attended in Hospital Practice, 30 Guineas in one payment, or 180 Guineas in three instalments. All Resident and other Hospital Appointments are free. The Resident Appointments consist of Five House-Physicians, Four House-Surgeons, One Apothecary, and Two Maternity Assistants. The London Hospital is now in direct communication by rail and tram with all parts of the Metropolis.  
NORMAN CHEEVERS, M.D., Principal.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON,  
SESSION 1878-79.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of MEDICINE will commence on Tuesday, October 1. INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, at 3 P.M., by Professor LANKESTER, M.A., F.R.S.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of ARTS and LAWS and of SCIENCE (including the Departments of Engineering and Fine Arts), will begin on Wednesday, October 2. INTRODUCTORY LECTURE, at 3 P.M., by Professor HENRY MORLEY. Instruction is provided for WOMEN in all Subjects taught in the Faculties of Arts and Laws and of Science. The Deans and Vice-Deans will attend in the Council-room, from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M., on October 1 and 2, for the purpose of giving advice and information to Students entering the College.

The SCHOOL for BOYS, between the ages of Seven and Sixteen, will RE-OPEN on Tuesday, September 24.

Prospectuses, and Copies of the Regulations relating to the Entrance and other Exhibitions, Scholarships, and Prizes, of the annual value of nearly £2,000, open to Competition by Students, may be obtained at the Office of the College.

The Examination for the Medical Entrance Exhibitions, and also that for the Andrews Entrance Prizes (Faculties of Arts and Laws and of Science), will be held at the College on the 26th and 27th of September.

The College is close to the Gower Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, and only a few minutes' walk from the termini of the North-Western, Midland, and Great Northern Railways.

TALFOURD ELY, M.A., Secretary.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, BRISTOL.—

The THIRD SESSION will begin on October 8, 1878. The College supplies, for persons of either sex, above the ordinary school age, the means of continuing their studies in Science, Languages, History, and Literature; and particularly in those branches of Applied Science which are employed in the Arts and Manufactures. The Chemical Laboratory is open daily, from Ten to Five. Arrangements have been made in connexion with the Department of Engineering and Surveying by which Students may spend the six summer months, as Pupils, with various Engineering Firms in and near Bristol. Information with regard to the lodging of Students will be given by the PRINCIPAL, on application through the SECRETARY. Several Scholarships will be competed for early in October. For Prospectus and further information apply to EDWARD STOCK, M.R.C.S., Secretary.

QUEEN'S COLLEGES, IRELAND.—The PROFESSOR-SHIP of MIDWIFERY in the Queen's College, Cork, being about to become Vacant, Candidates for that office are requested to forward their Testimonials to the UNDER-SECRETARY, Dublin Castle, on or before Saturday, the 28th instant, in order that the same may be submitted to their Excellencies the Lords Justices.

The Candidate who may be selected for the above Professorship will be required to enter upon his duties forthwith.

Dublin Castle, September 12, 1878.

ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES.  
DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.

During the Twenty-eighth Session, 1878-79, which will commence on October 1, the following COURSES of LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:

1. Chemistry.—By E. Frankland, Ph.D., F.R.S.
2. Metallurgy.—By John Percy, M.D., F.R.S.
3. Natural History.—By T. H. Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S.
4. Mineralogy.—By Warington W. Smyth, M.A., F.R.S., Chairman.
5. Mining.—By John W. Judd, F.R.S.
6. Applied Mechanics.—By T. M. Goodere, M.A.
7. Physics.—By Frederick Guthrie, Ph.D., F.R.S.
8. Mechanical Drawing.—By Rev. J. H. Edgar, M.A.

The Lecture Fees for Students desirous of becoming Associates are £20 in one sum, on entrance, or two annual payments of £10, exclusive of the Laboratories.

Tickets to separate Courses of Lectures are issued at £5 and £4 each.

Officers in the Queen's Service, Her Majesty's Consuls, Acting Mining Agents and Managers, may obtain Tickets at reduced prices.

Science Teachers are also admitted to the Lectures at reduced fees.

For a Prospectus and information apply to the REGISTRAR, Royal School of Mines, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

HYDE PARK COLLEGE for LADIES, 115 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park.

The JUNIOR TERM begins September 17.

The SENIOR TERM, November 1.

Prospectuses, containing Names of Professors, Terms, &c., may be had on application to the LADY RESIDENT.

**BEDFORD COLLEGE (for LADIES),** 8 and 9 York Place, Portman Square, London, W. (near to the Baker Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway). The SESSION 1878-79 commences Thursday, October 10. Two ARNOTT SCHOLARSHIPS will be awarded by open competition. Candidates to send their Names to the Hon. Sec. before September 30. Prospectuses, with particulars of Scholarships, Boarding-house, &c., may be had at the College. Political Economy is now added to the subjects taught at the College. The Lecturer next Session will be J. BOSAN, B.A., Oxon.

**BEDFORD COLLEGE.**—July 1878.—The PROFESSOR-SHIPS OF HARMONY and CLASS SINGING, lately held by Mr. HULLAH, are now VACANT.—Applications and Testimonials to be sent to the Hon. Sec., at the College, not later than September 30.—H. L. BRETTON, Hon. Sec.

**SOUTH KENSINGTON.—DAILY CLASSES for YOUNG LADIES,** Senior, Junior, and Elementary. Terms from 4 Guineas per term. Six Resident Pupils received.—For Prospectus apply to the PRINCIPAL, 45 Longridge Road, Earl's Court, South Kensington.

**THE NORTH-LONDON COLLEGIATE and CAMDEN SCHOOLS for GIRLS.**—The Camden School for Girls re-opened on Thursday, September 13, 1878.—The North-London Collegiate School for Girls will re-open on Tuesday, September 17, 1878.

**THE DORECK LADIES' COLLEGE,** 63 Kensington Gardens Square, Hyde Park, W., will RE-OPEN for the Autumn Term on September 21. Principals—Miss M. E. BAILEY and Fraulein NEUFORER.

**MISS MARY LEECH'S MORNING SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES** will RE-OPEN Tuesday, October 1, at 14 Radnor Place, Hyde Park, W.

**THE Misses A. & R. LEECH'S SCHOOL** (late Belgrave Cottage) for LITTLE BOYS will RE-OPEN Tuesday, October 1, at 65 and 66 Kensington Gardens Square, Hyde Park, W.

**THE OXFORD MILITARY COLLEGE,** with the approval of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., &c. Governor—Major-General DESBOROUGH, C.B., R.A. Secretary to the Governor and Director of Drills—Major JOHN GRAHAM. Head-Master—The Rev. JAMES WHITE, M.A., Fellow of the Mathematical Society of London, late Instructor in Mathematics at the Royal Military Academy, and Incumbent of Holy Trinity Church, Woolwich.

This College is intended—(1) To provide the best possible Education for the Sons of Officers; (2) To Train and prepare Candidates (whether Sons of Officers or not) for Commissions in the Military Service; (3) To enable its Senior Pupils to enter as unattached University Students and to take Degrees. Copies of the Prospectus may be obtained from the GOVERNOR or SECRETARY, Military College, Cowley, Oxford, who will supply information as to the admission of Students.

**EASTBOURNE COLLEGE.** President—His Grace the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, K.G. Head-Master—The Rev. THOMPSON PODMORE, M.A. Master of Modern School—The Rev. G. R. GREEN, M.A. The ENSUING TERM will not commence until September 26, an extra Week's holiday having been requested by H.R.H. the Grand Duchess of Hesse, &c. &c. Application for Boarders to be made to the Rev. T. PODMORE, the Rev. G. R. GREEN, and T. J. DYMES, Esq. THOS. HOLMAN, Secretary.

**DOVER COLLEGE.** President—The Right Hon. Earl GRANVILLE, K.G. Tuition from 10 to 15 Guineas. Board, 44s a year. For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER or the HON. SECRETARY. The NEXT TERM begins on September 18.

**CHARDSTOCK COLLEGE, DORSET,** RE-OPENS on Thursday, September 19.

**BRIGHTON COLLEGE.** Chairman of the Council—The Ven. Archdeacon HANNAH, D.C.L., Vicar of Brighton. Principal—The Rev. CHARLES BIGG, D.D., late Senior Student and Tutor of Christ Church, Oxford. Vice-Principal—The Rev. JOSEPH NEWTON, M.A. Next Term commences September 24.

**WORTHING COLLEGE.**—Principal, Mr. W. E. LLOYD TREVOR. Head-Master, Rev. R. W. METCALFE, M.A., St. John's Coll., Camb. BOYS—limited to about forty in number—are prepared for the UNIVERSITIES and PUBLIC SCHOOLS, also for the Higher Branches of Commercial Life. The Third Term commenced on Wednesday, September 11.—For Prospectuses, apply to the PRINCIPAL.

**KELLY COLLEGE, TAVISTOCK.** Head-Master—R. W. TAYLOR, M.A., formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and for Thirteen years Assistant-Master at Marlborough and Rugby. Assisted by University First-Classmen in Classical and Modern Public School, in which BOYS are prepared for the Universities, and for the Army and Civil Service Examinations. The next Term commences September 27.—For particulars, apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

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